Character Photography

A. C. Welch

Date Due

CHARACTER PHOTOGRAPHY

CHAPTERS ON

THE DEVELOPING PROCESS IN THE BETTER LIFE

BY
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DEDICATED TO MY WIFE,

WHO INSPIRED AND ENCOURAGED

THIS VOLUME

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PERSPECTIVE

THIS is an age of photography. The development of this art and the ease with which pictures are now taken, make it a means of pleasure as well as profit. The Kodak is a part of the modern tourist's outfit, and he returns from his trip with many a picture, a bit of scenery, a view of some old ruin or shady nook, or a scene of active life, to treasure in after years as a memento of a tour. So, as one upon a journey, we have taken some pen-pictures of the views in life's quiet places and busy thoroughfares. In the realm of medical science and surgery, photographic light has been successfully used to detect disease and assist in its eradication. So we have sought its aid to discover some of the causes of success and failure. In modern detective methods the police are accustomed to form what they call a "verbal picture"

of the criminal to aid in his detection. So we have drawn some portraits that may assist us in recognizing the influences that might lead astray. We have aimed, however, not only to have a "rogues' gallery," but also to present some dear familiar faces, some cheerful scenes and hopeful views, a reflection of the good and pure and noble, that, looking upon them, all might be made better and seek to catch their spirit. With this hope we send this volume forth.

LOOKING THROUGH THE CAMERA

PICTURE-"MAKING" is very largely given over to photography. The Kodak and camera often take the place of the pencil and the brush. Every person is fast becoming his own artist.

When the writer was a boy, pictures were almost as rare as pianos in the home. Few books were illustrated, and happy was the family whose children grew up under the tuition of the "picture-books."

What revelations and discoveries sunshine and printing, improved methods, and skilled workmanship have made since then! The fences are decorated with portraits and paintings which would have made a palace of a cabin fifty years ago. No traveler goes abroad now who does not bring his journeys home with him. The

Bull's-Eye, Cartridge, or Panorama Kodaks are more the companions of the American tourist than the Baedeker Guides.

I have been invited to look through the camera which Dr. Welch has made use of in illustrating this book, and to present his pictures to the many lovers of art, who are constantly looking for new prints. This I can do cheerfully, because of the aim of the pictures.

Much as "the artist," in the beginning, was slow to recognize in the photographer anything more than the "trade" of the printer, very soon he was induced to find in him, and in "taking" the best photographs, the evidence of not only skill, but genius. If it is "upon the film cartridge that the success of the Kodak system is based," it is not wholly upon the camera that the success of the photographer is based. "It is the treating of the commonplace with the feeling of the sublime that gives to art its true power."

The picture of the photographer can be analyzed as certainly as the painting of the por-

trait or the landscape. There is as much individuality revealed in the selection of the subject or object to be photographed, as there is need of apprenticeship in the selection of the lens for the camera and the sensitive paper for the picture, and the use of both; there is as much accuracy of sight and delicacy of movement in finding the focus, and artistic sense in adjusting the light and shade for the finished photograph, as there must be the best training and the perfect taste in the painter who secures harmony of colors and perspective in the accurate reproduction of the landscape.

When the artist assumes to go further and reproduce the life and experience of the men and women whom he has photographed, and not only at the time the picture is taken, but during all the various periods through which they have lived, the photography must have a penetrative quality, and wideness of range, and knowledge which few photographers or painters have exhibited hitherto. Such conception, when accurately and brilliantly expressed, has pro-

duced some of the best writers of fiction, as well as of biography. There is scope for poetic imagination, faithful observation, sincere sympathy, long and large experience.

Dr. Welch will inspire many another kindred spirit to take with him the Folding Pocket Kodak De Luxe, with the purpose of putting his own genius to "the supreme test of mechanical perfection;" he will do more—he will encourage the persons who know their life-long pictures are to be taken, always to present the best possible appearance.

J. W. Hamilton.

Chapter I

COMPOSITE PICTURES

"God to thy teaching delegates the art
To form the future man: the care be thine
No shape unworthy from the marble start,
Reptile or monster; but with just design
Copy the heavenly model, and impart,
As best thou canst, similitude divine."

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act.
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me.
This, I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

WE are standing on the threshold; our hand is on the door-latch; what lies behind is yet hidden from our sight! We are in the vestibule of the temple of life. The beauties and glories, the mosaics and magnificence, the harmonies of the inner courts, have not yet burst upon our vision or reached our ears. We are standing with our faces towards the dawning morning. What will the full daylight reveal? What pages shall we write in the book of life? What pictures shall we paint on its canvas?

Who can write the horoscope of the future? The world, with its beauty and variety, lies about us. The kaleidoscopic visions of life are unfolding. Behind us are the archives of history; about us the romance of the present; before us the prophecy of the future. We are gifted with intelligence; endowed with high and noble reasoning powers that make us akin to our Creator; with senses that tingle with emotions

of delight, or shrink with disgust; with sensibilities that may respond to the highest possibilities, or may grovel in the dust. Before us are some golden opportunities and some adolescent difficulties. We are not predestined by inborn gifts to be either famous or infamous. It does not depend upon whether we live in a palace or a cot, nor whether we wear broadcloth or are clad in homespun. There is much in the ennobling influence of wealth and culture, but they are not a panacea for human ills. There is much to cause us to shrink from the squalor and filth and benumbing forces of poverty, but they are not always destitute of moral power. Amid the former, in pain and suffering, you may find the discontented, feverish brow. Sometimes in the other we see one who rests a wearied body on a couch of suffering with a calm trust and faith in God, and a halo of glory on the pale brow which makes the place near to heaven.

How composite the pictures of life! Rejoicing and weeping! Smiles and tears! It is hard to say of which there is the most. They come in succession, like day and night, winter

and summer. How varied the experiences of life! Like the face of nature, constant variety. Rejoicing, hear it! Children singing, happy homes, peace and prosperity, honor and fame, sunshine under blue skies. Weeping, hear it! Bitter sobs, penury, poverty, empty cradles, crape on the door, hearts broken, idols fallen, names disgraced, tears of pain and separation. Blended experiences, laughter and tears, sunshine and shadows. At times feasting and gladness, fountains and flowers, then somber shadows, funeral draperies, voices hushed, and bowed heads. To-day anthems of joy, to-morrow sighs and sobs. To-day a Baca of tears, to-morrow a Mount of Transfiguration.

We look in at the window of a quiet cottage, and see a picture. There sits an aged widow, somber and serene, wasted and weary, with the far-away, misty look that tells that she will soon cross to the watchers on the evergreen shore. At her feet sits a sweet, beautiful child, with the morning of youth in her face. She is laying in the lap of the aged mother an offering of fragrant flowers; and then she takes them and entwines them amid the silver locks of hair. The

aged face brightens, the wrinkles fade out, and the heart grows glad. So in life we see the interlacing of flowers and childhood and age and weakness, as aureoles of hope and glimpses of immortality.

The Bible, which is the true photograph of life, gives some strange composite pictures. The trees of life and of good and evil stood over against each other in the Garden of Eden. Abel is accepted, and Cain is rejected. Out of antediluvian wickedness emerges Noah, a preacher of righteousness, who built the ark, and thus perpetuated the human race. Babel lifts its tower heavenward amid a confusion of tongues; Joseph in Egypt, Moses before Pharaoh, Daniel in Babylon. Elijah the intrepid confronts Ahab and Jezebel in their wickedness, and John the Baptist defies Herod and Herodias. In the background of Christ's marvelous sacrifice on the cross on Calvary stands the perfidy and treachery of the evil-minded Judas. Lazarus sits in poverty at the rich man's gate, while he fares sumptuously. Ananias and Sapphira offset Aquila and Priscilla, and against the faithfulness of Timothy is the desertion of Demas.

And in John's vision is the New Jerusalem with its gold-paved streets and jasper walls, and beyond the bottomless pit, with its worm that dieth not.

Mental powers and faculties—what contrasts in their possibilities! There is memory that stores in its consciousness the events of the past. It treasures up that which is gone. How pleasant its recollections! By its power we live over again the days gone by. But O, if the past has been stained with deeds of evil, and memory recalls the wrongs done and foul acts committed, then we wish they might be forgotten, be blotted from consciousness and sink into oblivion!

Then, there is reason, God's highest gift to man. It is reason that elevates him, and lifts him to pre-eminence among the creatures of creation. It is a noble power. How it crowns and blesses mankind! But let it be dethroned, shattered, or lost, then what a wreck! Then its possessor becomes an object of pity, from which we shrink in horror. See him a human fiend. Hear his demoniac screams, blaspheming and cursing the day of his birth.

Contrasted destinies! How full the world's history is of them! What is fame? A constant struggle for supremacy; and when it is attained, it is a glittering bauble, of flattering appearance, and a hollow mockery. In the memorandum of the murderer Fitzsimmons, who committed suicide to escape the gallows, were written the words of the poet:

"'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the bosom of health to the paleness of death."

Power has made men tyrants, and they were slow to surrender control. The blindness of prejudice often shuts out the light. Bigotry prevents clear discrimination. Hoary custom rears its head against progress, and is revered as the ghost of the past to hinder reform. Ancestry and titled names have bound men to the graveyard of buried "isms." Stalwart creeds, venerable because of historic association, throw their thongs about men, and check liberal tendencies. Conservatism lifts its hands in horror, and rings out the note of warning against the encroachments of progress. And thus are life's highest purposes thwarted, and its highest interests distorted.

"What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure He who made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused."

Enslaved, the body groans under the lash! Imprisoned, the mind would be free! Cramped and pinioned, the conscience lifts its voice to the Infinite One.

" 'T is liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its luster and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint
Except that wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties; impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of Discovery, and begets,
In those who suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form."

Ruskin said, "Life without industry is guilty, and industry without intellect is brutality." Another said, "To find the occupation for which one is fitted is to find the track for the locomotive." There is a golden mean between morbid spirituality and vulgar secularity. It is best to be neither monks nor worldlings. The low, base,

and sordid idea should be discarded. The groveling, vicious, vulgar, and profane should be rejected. Cant and shallow mimicry do not ennoble, elevate, or inspire, while the frivolity of voluptuousness degrades the mind allured by it. A single error is never long isolated. Like a spider's fiber, it becomes an entangling web. Its chains are crossed and twisted by the hard old fingers of blind habit until it becomes a cable that saps energy, robs vitality, and purloins freedom. Like the ancient Moloch, it demands blood and human life.

In an Indian school we saw this motto: "If I deceive, whom do I cheat?" It contains a vital truth. It exacts honesty, it demands ethical justice. If always adopted, it would take many a tangled thread out of the industrial problem. It would be a just arbiter in the case of equity and justice. It overthrows much sophistry, and reaches ultimate principles. Its adoption ought to follow as a natural sequence to all toil and labor.

Iconoclasts or builders, which? Some seem to feel their mission in life to be to tear down, to destroy, to uproot and overturn. The grand

mosaics of the master artist can be ruined by a rude hammer. It is easy to metamorphose Eden. A child can soon scatter the petals of a rose and destroy its beauty. How much better to be a builder; to form character; to plant truth; to attain to the dignity of highest manhood; to make Eden blossom, and to restore Paradise!

"The soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul would reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the life full speech."

"A stumbling-block or a backlog, which?" A great orator said, "When a juryman resisted all my efforts to reach and affect him, and stupidly slept while I was aiming at his capture, I have wished that I might die." There are soul-sluggards who refuse to be aroused to any of life's high purposes. How different the glow-worm, who, though itself unseen, by the luster of its tiny lamp lights its little neighborhood of blade and flower!

"For each heart grows rich in giving
All its weal is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain."

The parasite is a contemptible object, living for itself, and is a barnacle on the object to which it clings, not only not helping, but hindering. The motto on Eddystone Lighthouse was suggestive: "To give light, and to save life." So we have seen the world filled with light, and lives saved from wreckage by the inspiring example and heroic self-sacrifice of others; men and women who have shamed our selfishness, and who have made us feel the triumph of goodness in this wicked and sinful world—lives against which the winds of adversity beat fierce and strong, and the waves of poverty lash with ceaseless fury, yet shine out like the great searchlight, pure and clear; and their hands are always outstretched to help and bless. These are beautiful pictures on the background of the world's indifference, that make us have hope for the future; like the marble of the ancient cathedral, that will endure when the staff and mortar of our modern temples of architecture will have crumbled; like the iris of God's love that will shine forever, while deeds of selfishness, like the rainbow in the west, will disappear with the mist and cloud. Would that every busy har-

bor, thronged by the crafts of trade, might have just such life-buoys to warn of danger, to light the way in the darkness, and to guide to safety past the shoals and rocks. How shall we conduct ourselves amid life's problems, and how decide its issues? We must be free from bias and without prejudice. We are not to prejudge, but reserve our decision until we get all the facts. Nothing so mars life as to be controlled by blind prejudice or narrow party spirit; to be influenced by rancorous hate or deadly malice, that gives a bias to the judgment, an evil bent to the conduct, and a dangerous trend to character. Like the jaundice, it discolors the face of life. Keep the windows of your mind open to the light. Prejudice shuts the blinds and keeps out the pure air. Knock off the hinges, take away the obstructions, and let in the sunlight. Again, we may be misled by mere sophistry. There are many glib pleaders, and they can make a falsehood look like the truth. If we believe their words, the deep-dyed criminal is as pure as the driven snow. Such pleading is shallow and superficial. There is much false and reckless construction and adroit

application or interpretation. One fact is worth a volume of sophistry. Keep your reasoning powers free, and, like the fabled infant Hercules, strangle the twin monsters of superstition and dogmatism. We should beware of the influence of the lobby. A sickly sentimentality carries sweet-scented flowers to the cell of the murderer, while the martyr for the truth is disowned. In Pilate's hall the multitude cried, "Crucify him!" although the judge's record said, "Nothing against him." All kinds of theories are in the air, and the galleries will applaud the most extravagant. It is our business to weigh the facts, make an index of basal truths, to arrange, to assort, to classify, and then formulate a system from them. Thus will we bravely and truly meet the issues of life.

"I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me and great aims,
And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not so that my work is done.
I 've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels,
Which men call fame."

Chapter II

TIME-EXPOSURES

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

"Sweet it is the growth to trace
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,
In bosoms where our labors first
Bid the young seed of springtime burst,
And lead it on from hour to hour,
To ripen into perfect flower."

LIFE within a generation has been electrified in every department. It has become keen and intense. The most far-seeing influences of invention have been adapting the things in the world about us to our wants and necessities. Man, by his touch of genius, is making the world a garden of beauty, and its valleys throb with the pulsations of life, as a result of his inventive skill. He has measured the distance of the stars, united continent to continent with iron bands, and made the world a whispering gallery. He has grappled forces with hooks of steel, and harnessed them with iron bars. He paints all the colors of the rainbow, and chisels in the marble the form of angels. He has even sought to lift the veil of futurity and mark a shining pathway up to the skies. The mind, "the immortal mechanism of God's own hand," has not been neglected amid the whirl and rattle of stupendous machinery. It has had the focused light of the past centuries

and the highest possible forces of educational development. This is the age and hour of man. With new purposes and broad shoulder he presses against the gates of the future. He makes every goal, like a traveler's tavern, a place to depart upon new adventures.

"So live that you each year may be,
While time glides softly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky."

The visions of life are ideal. They scan the prospect and see what it reveals. They bridge the chasms and tunnel the mountains. They turn the eyes of Columbus westward to a new world. They inspire the young Excelsiors to climb the mountain heights. They nerve the arm with the valor of achievement. They

"Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

It is unwise to say you will undertake nothing until you see the way through. That would paralyze all human industry, stop all discovery, and defeat all aspiration. No man would have gone to the Klondike, the Pilgrim Fathers would never have crossed the briny deep, and no great

fact of science or philosophy would have been revealed. The power to do comes in the act of endeavor. The child can not walk until it tries, and the seed must be planted to grow. Greatness is demonstrated by the doing. Dreams and desire may idealize the future, but they do not make it.

In the sturdy, romping boys about us we see the possibilities of the future. The germ of the great is in the little, the oak is in the acorn; the beginning is a prophecy of the end; growing lads are the statesmen of to-morrow. Manhood is inherent in boyhood. The boy is a man in embryo. The future kings of fortune are on the playgrounds to-day, already revealing the traits of character and mental characteristics that will make that future. Martin Luther was accustomed, when a teacher, to appear before his class of boys with uncovered head, as a tribute to their future greatness. In the ancient time an organization of lads had for their motto, "Tremble, tyrants, when we grow up." A lady sitting in the gallery of the United States Senate turned to a friend and said, "The senators are only big boys."

George Eliot wrote:

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

The map of knowledge yet to learn is much like the one already explored; the lines and roadways run in the same direction.

Alice Cary says:

"The hues that our to-morrows wear
Are by our yesterdays forecast;
Our future takes into itself
The true impressions of our past."

Yet not present attainment, but possible realization is the measure of our obligation; not how poor we are now, but how rich we will be. We are not to measure possibility by the strength of the puny babe, a mere prattler in its mother's arms, but by that of the developed, rounded-out, complete, stalwart man. The only time we put our resources down to hard-pan is when the assessor comes around. In the presence of our creditors we talk of resources estimated and enlarged by the realization of aspirations and ambitions for success. So in life's larger duties we have a right to draw on the future, not boast-

ingly, but honestly and hopefully. In its transactions we have the privilege of estimating the time element. As the twig represents the possibility of fruit, so the inherent and innate manhood represents the possible fruitage of a life. Time draws it out.

> "Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
> But we build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
> And we mount to its summit round by round."

The years of life stretch before us, and they are worth the living. We must strive and struggle, but not expect to accomplish everything in twelve months. As the exogenous plants form one new layer a year, so we ought to endeavor to add something new and worthy to our being constantly. Watching hour by hour, we may not see the growth; but nevertheless there is no stagnation nor cessation, but steady, uninterrupted development. "First the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear." My character to-day is, for the most part, the result of my thoughts and aspirations. Every temptation resisted, every sinful thought repressed, is giving impetus to the forces that bear us up-

wards towards a richer life and a higher character.

"So, take and use thy work!
My times be in thy hands!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth,
And death complete the same!"

Under each clock in a certain Cleveland paint-factory is hung a neat glass sign, reading, "Do it now." It is the motto of the company, and is designed to impress each of the men employed that the present is the all-important time.

A business-man had a motto over his desk, reading, "Plan your work," and then right under it the words, "Work your plan." Difficulties are ever present, like Red Seas and like Jericho walls; but what we need is "grit and grip," a strong pull and a long pull. The great painter who finally bequeathed to the world an immortal masterpiece was he who toiled perhaps for years without recompense, and his success was due not only to genius, but also to the tireless industry he displayed. Grant's strongest forte was the holding-on faculty. Wellington said Waterloo depended on whether they or France could stand pounding the longest. Some one

asked Lincoln "if the war would close during his Administration." He answered, "I do n't know." "Then what are you going to do?" "Peg away, sir," was the reply. Sumner telegraphed Stanton when President Johnson was trying to drive him from the Cabinet, "Stick!" The light-house of Alexandria was one of the seven wonders of the world. When it was being erected Ptolemy directed that his name be inscribed on the base. The architect, however, inscribed his own name there, and then covered it with stucco, and on that wrote the king's name. Time wore off the outer covering and with it the king's name, and now only the name of the architect remains.

Ruskin says, "It is better to build a beautiful human character than to erect a beautiful dome;" and Sir Humphrey Davy remarked, "My best discovery was Michael Faraday." What marvelous gifts of mind and character have been developed by the training of years!—gifts of song, like those possessed by Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti, who have thrilled the world with their melody; gifts of musical composition, like those manifested by Handel and Mozart; gifts

of poetry, like Whittier and Longfellow; gifts of oratory, like Webster and Clay; gifts of sculpture, like Powers and Millet; gifts of painting, like Angelo and Munkacszy; gifts of generalship, like Napoleon and Grant; gifts of statesmanship, like Washington and Lincoln; gifts of benevolence and philanthropy, like Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton. What calls there are for just such gifts to-day everywhere in the world, from the marts of trade, from the legislative halls, from the Church and State!

"To be, to do, to dare,
As did our sire;
To strive and never tire!"

These calls are so urgent that sometimes we forget the time element in preparation and the necessity of laying deep and broad foundations for future usefulness. We need less "snapshots" and more "time-exposures." Nothing will mitigate against highest success like a lack of preparation. There is no "short cut."

Dr. Joseph Parker says: "Our business is not to build quickly, but to build upon a right foundation and in a right spirit. Life is more than a mere competition as between man and

man; it is not who can be done first, but who can work the best; it is not who can rise highest in the shortest time, but who is working most patiently and lovingly in accordance with the designs of God."

We are familiar with the statement said to have been made by a professor in Oberlin College to a student, when asked if there was not a shorter course of study that he might pursue: "We do not grow gourds here, but oaks." We should make haste slowly. There is a fascination in quickness. We are so anxious to accomplish something, to reach the goal of ambition quickly. It is the bane of our modern life. It not only destroys the possibility of greatness, but it causes many to adopt methods of progress that are not legitimate, and saps, not only vitality, but morality as well. A rosebud will blossom into a perfect flower more rapidly if cut and put into water, but it leaves no seed. So in our haste to get rich, to secure position, to achieve fame and greatness, we are destroying the very possibilities of perpetuating life; we are really cutting the bridges behind us along which others ought to travel to future achieve-

ment. It is said the future fruit of the orange-tree depends upon the size of the box it is planted in as a seedling. If the roots are cramped while young, they will not expand later on. So the mind is often cribbed and confined. The tree has a flowerpot to grow in, and the result is a dwarf instead of a towering oak.

> "Somewhere under the starry skies
> Waiteth for me a victor's prize,
> Waiteth a crown that I may wear,
> Waiteth a scepter that I may bear."

Our lives have boundless capacities. We must soon choose whether these are to be developed and brought out, or whether we will be content with a few general outlines. If God took millions of years to make this world and perfect it for a dwelling place for man; if he took centuries to unfold the purposes of his grace in redemption, it seems as if it ought to teach us the lesson not to frustrate his plans for our highest development by undue haste, but quietly bide the time. Those thirty years of preparation at Nazareth seem long in comparison with the three years of activity, but those were made possible by the preparation of the others. So let us re-

member we are building for eternity. Immortal destinies are depending upon the way we are using the present. We can well afford to take time if thereby we unfold in the soul capabilities which will reach beyond the world's boundaries, if we bring out those traits of character which will endure through all eternity.

"As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives; across the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still;
Thus when the weary pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength revives,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
' 'T is there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
With Christ in realms of endless day,
There I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.' "

Chapter III

LOOK PLEASANT

"Hath thy heart sunshine? Shed it wide!
The wearied world hath need of thee."

"He had a face like a benediction."

"It is infamy to die and not be missed."

ARTISTIC results depend very largely upon the pose of the subject. Very much depends upon ready acquiescence and harmonious response to the photographer's request, "Look pleasant, please." The features that are reflected on the larger canvas of life, and that go to make up the permanent results of character, are largely the result of the moods, the temperament, and the dispositions manifest amid the varied experiences to which we are subject in the vicissitudes of time. A happy, joyous, bright, buoyant, and cheerful spirit has its correspondent reflection, while the sour, morose, and sullen disposition writes its impression in indelible characters. If the heart is cold and morbid, and the life is full of gloom and foreboding, it will shadow its portrait as it stands out in completeness. But the face that is beaming with smiles and the heart that is saturated with the spirit of gentleness, speaks with a rare beauty, and dwells in an atmosphere of cheerfulness. The beautiful

life is the one that develops the finer graces, kindles the warmer sympathies, restrains the indulgence of ill tempers, and cultivates instead an amiable disposition. Smiling instead of frowning, they are continually singing:

"The road may be rough, but it will not be long;
And I 'll smooth it with hope, I 'll cheer it with song."

On the other hand we find plenty of melancholy. The world is full of misanthropes, people who are cold and unsympathetic, suffering from bilious disorder and nervous depression. They are regular wet blankets, chilly as an iceberg, frigid as the North Pole, lifeless as a mummy, and emotionless as a tobacconist's sign. A Negro philosopher is quoted as saying, "Some folks make de mistake o' sendin' all de peace an' good will out o' deir hahts jes' as soon as de col' turkey is all et up an' it 's time to take de Christmas greens out'n de window." For the people who are ever and by choice in the shadow, and who never walk on the sunny side of the street, there is but little pity. They ought to be left to their own devices, but they ought to be compelled to let other people alone.

Akin to this, and scarcely less destructive to

the real zest of life and the accomplishment of its higher purpose, is asceticism, with its stern rigor and inflexible ritual. Carried to its excess by monasticism, it makes religion gloomy and forbidding. Under its influence the so-called saint dwells apart in cloudless, inaccessible light. Christianity is not a long-faced, dreary monotony and other-worldliness. That is a mockery of the genuine Christ spirit. The true follower of Christ manifests a different spirit. He publishes a different creed—the doctrine of sunshine. He fills the air with it, breathes it, lives in it, and sheds it all around.

> "He sows June fields with clover, and the world
> Broadcasts with little common kindnesses."

Another hindrance to life's beauty is cankering care. Little vexations, so trifling that they can hardly be traced in memory except by being magnified, are allowed to bedim the sky and bring frowns to the forehead. Little disappointments that are trivial at best make the life fretful and peevish, and spoil its quiet and peace. Like swarms of tiny gnats, they infest the heart and fill it with disquiet.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And any grin, so merry, draws one out."

Acid dropped on steel and allowed to remain will corrode it. So worries and anxieties and careworn questioning soil the life. Care is like a broken bottle in the pocket, it cuts the flesh.

"Is life a fret and tangle,
And everything gone wrong?
Are friends a bit disloyal,
And enemies too strong?
Is there no bright side showing?
Then—as a sage has said—
'Polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead.'

The darkest plank of oak will show
Sometimes the finest grain,
The roughest rock will sometimes yield
A gleaming golden vein;
Do n't rail at fate, declaring
That no brightness shows ahead,
But 'polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead!' "

Life is full of exasperations. Our pathway is often crossed. It is impossible but that offenses come. In fact, it would lose its zest if it were otherwise. We ought not to be querulous, like the children for whom the little bird must come out and sing before they will get a

proper expression or sit still. The power of restraining one's temper under provocation, by looking on the bright side of things under discouraging circumstances, and by not construing a difference of opinion as a personal matter, is one of the choice attainments whose winsomeness men always recognize and approve. It is a noble gift. Or perhaps we should more correctly say, a rare cultivation.

While John Henderson, of Bristol, England, was speaking, his opponent dashed a glass of wine into his face. He paused, and deliberately wiped his face, and then said: "This, sir, is a digression. Now, if you please, for the main argument." Calm self-composure is a real possession. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Laughter and strength are often close of kin. Cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition are often as great a force in trying situations as sheer intellectual ability. A famous beauty broke a looking-glass because it showed a wrinkle in her face. Men have been as sensitive under the reproof that revealed a defect of character, and, like her, showed that the flaw was more than skin-deep. A mission-

ary in Jamaica asked a black boy, "Who are the meek?" "Those who give soft answers to rough questions," was the reply. The spirit displayed by the old colored woman is likewise worthy of emulation. Said a white sister for whom old Aunt Hannah was washing:

"Aunt Hannah, did you know that you have been accused of stealing?"

"Yes, I hear'n about it," said Aunt Hannah, and went on with her washing.

"Well, you won't rest under it, will you?" said the sister.

Aunt Hannah raised herself up from her work, with a broad smile on her face, and, looking up full at the white sister, said:

"De Lord knows I ain't stole nuthin', and I knows I ain't, an' life 's too short for me to be provin' an' splainin' all de time; so I jest goes on my way rejoicin'. They knows they ain't tellin' de truf, and they 'll feel ashamed and quit after awhile. If I can please de Lord, dat is enough for me."

The critical spirit is another flaw on the reflection of beauty. How hateful is carping, biting sarcasm! No talent is necessary, no capital

is needed, no brains are required, to set up in the grumbling business. It is easy to tear to pieces. Spilt ink will ruin the brussels carpet. A sharp tongue, piercing eyes, idle hands, and wayward feet, and the work is done. The jaundiced eye transforms all good into evil. The slanderous tongue magnifies petty faults, and makes mountains out of mole-hills. Sad is the life that is controlled by such a spirit. It is a miserable state. It ossifies the heart, blinds the eye, dulls the sensibilities, destroys the finer feelings, and corrodes the whole life. Some one has truly said:

"The faultfinder does not attract. There is something about his face, gait, and manner, as well as about his temper and words, that repels. Sweetness, gentleness, and charity are lacking in his composition, and people fight shy of him. Men become a bane to themselves and to society when dominated by a critical, carping, and harsh spirit."

Do not be a croaker. Do not complain or criticise. Be an optimist. Doubt beclouds the spiritual sense. How it defeats life's purposes! Cast doubts and fears to the winds. "But," you

say, "I am merely conservative." Conservatism is a big chunk that often stops the wheels of progress. It is possible to be conservative without blocking the way; but the great majority of such hinder instead of helping. What the world needs is a cheery message, tidings of hope which has in it no ring of possible defeat, and a courage which no Red Sea of difficulty can daunt.

It is said that two Scotchmen, emigrating to California, each thought to take with him some emblem as a reminder of his beloved Scotland. One chose a thistle-blossom, the seed of which was planted in the adopted State, and, increasing rapidly, it spread everywhere to annoy and curse the agricultural districts. The other selected a swarm of honey-bees, which, transported to the paradise of flowers, made sweetest honey and continued more and more to aid and bless. In our chosen fields, which are we, thistle-blossoms or honey-bees? The life controlled by prejudice, rankling with secret hate, and contending feelings of envy, is full of unhappiness. Begrudge not your neighbor success, and do not meet his advances of friend-

ship with an angry scowl. Dig envy up, root and branch. It bears bitter fruit. It is a poison vine.

"Fall not out upon the way,
Short it is and soon will end.
Better far to fly the fray
Than to lose the friend."

An unforgiving spirit is most cruel and hateful. It is like carrying vitriol around in the pocket to throw in somebody's face. It is sure to get spilled and to burn the flesh and spoil the clothes. It eats like a canker. The spirit of retaliation may lead to crime. Many a prisoner lies languishing in a cell because he allowed it to embitter his life.

"Have you any old grudge you 'd like to pay,
Any wrong laid up from a bygone day?
Gather them all now, and lay them away
When Christmas comes.

Hard thoughts are heavy to carry, my friend,
And life is short from beginning to end;
Be kind to yourself, leave nothing to mend
When Christmas comes."

There are men we always like to meet because they always have a kind word and a warm greeting, because they do not say hateful things,

because they forgive and forget, and because they always pour oil on troubled waters. Their lives are beautiful. Whittier says:

"For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving."

It is our business to refresh and cheer, to perform angel ministries, to reach out the helping hand, to get under burdens, to assuage sorrow, to do nameless acts of kindness and love, to conciliate instead of tearing open wounds, to heal instead of wound, to play on heartstrings with the soft, tender touch of the skillful harpist, to give the cup of cold water, to lift out of the slough of despond, to speak the word of cheer by the wayside. Thus our very soul will become a fountain of light and joy and gladness, will become more and more the dominant mood of our life.

"If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness,—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that day,
How could I dare,
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,—
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silence when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I send,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content."

Life is a constant giving out. Like the flower, it emits fragrance. Like the sun, it gives light. Doing noble deeds, shedding blessings around, diffusing light, like an oasis in a desert, refreshing weary lives. If you would make your life happy and beautiful, join some "helping hand" society, and take up the ministry of mercy.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth; while in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's imperial bowers."

How life is refreshed by the presence of cheerful people,—those who manifest constant sweetness of spirit, and who are uniformly joyous! They are graceful because of their very gladness, and beautiful because they are bright. Silken cords of love twisted together draw us whether we will or not. Some people make you forget life's burdens, and the rippling wave of their laughter is as sweet music to the soul; it soothes and quiets. Better than a cloudless day for cheer, sweeter than the flowers for fragrance, pure as the lily, modest as the daisy, sparkling as the mountain streams, singing songs clearer than the nightingale, lark, or linnet, their lives are full of rapturous joy, a very song of gladness, a hallelujah chorus, a shout of praise. With a buoyant spirit, a playful temperament,

faces baptized with the sunshine of smiles, they dispense the wine of life with a lavish hand.

"A cheerful smile, a pleasant word,
Which we can always give
Perchance some drooping soul hath stirred,
With strength to do and live.
An act may be by us unmarked,
But kenned by watchers near;
The song which we unheeding sing,
May strike another's ear."

Especially is its spirit helpful in old age. It makes even the wrinkles smile. The brow of beauty may fade, but the radiance of sweet contentment makes a perennial halo of glory. "At eventide it shall be light." Brighter than the sparkle of her crown was the luster of the character of Victoria, England's noble queen—in old age beloved by all for the beauty of her womanhood, and in death mourned by all for the nobility and sweetness of her life. Who does not shun crabbed age, with shriveled-up souls as well as bodies, and living on in perpetual gloom? Such lives have failed to gather any honey for this time of life, and sit repining and morose. Not so those who have met life's duties bravely, and conquered its difficulties. To such lives

the birds of peace and contentment are constantly singing melodies of perfect harmony. Heaven's portals are not very far distant, and some of its celestial music steals into the life. Like Moses on the mountain, their faces shine with a radiant beauty, and, like Stephen, "looking up steadfastly," they "see the heavens opened," and there is their eternal home.

Chapter IV

IN GROUPS

"ALL are needed by each one,
Nothing is good or true alone."

"To thine own woes be not thy thoughts confined,
But look around and think of all mankind."

WHAT countless multitudes throng the pathways of life! All about us are teeming millions, and we rub shoulders and touch elbows in the busy jostle of active life. See the throngs! What a sea of faces! No two alike, a thronging mass, pushing, pressing, rushing along, some one way and some another, so diverse the interests, so varied the occupations, so multiform the pursuits! Yet there is a unit in a crowd; even a mob has an affinity; so here there is some undercurrent, some subtile form of cohesion, some connecting link. Racial distinctions, a Babel of voices, yet of common parentage and of one blood.

Here is an immense army, hundreds of thousands strong. See it in the quiet of camp-life, where order is its first law; or on the march, in solid phalanx, man touching man, regiment fronting regiment, battalion supporting battalion, corps joined to corps. All is articulate with life and power and military discipline. Order and system mark every movement. All

go forward with a single step, advance as one man. It is the mighty multitude, the great crowd properly organized. Thus in the associations of life, the organizations of society are designed to touch the seeming inharmonious elements and to blend their common interests, and produce a community of feeling by bringing all parts together. The home, the social life, the religious instinct, and the phases of government, are all factors in this union. Properly managed, they arrange and classify into component parts all these elements, and make them harmonious. The world is a great federation, bound together by ties that are indissoluble. Men have common pulse-beats, heart-touches, and deep inwrought sympathies. Society is a vast machinery and mechanism which fits together wheel in wheel, cog in cog. How marvelous the connection of man with man! They are bound in mystic union by golden cords of influence, drawn by magnetic forces which act like leaven in assimilating them to each other. We are impressible for either good or bad, and we can not improve or injure ourselves without likewise helping or hindering others. The Al-

mighty saw that it was not good for man to be alone, and made a helpmeet for him, and in the wider spheres of social and political life he needs also the help and co-operation of his fellow-man. "Two are better than one," for by sympathy and fellowship they assist each other. Even Christ sent his disciples out two and two. Man is a trinity—body, mind, and spirit—but that does not make him complete alone. He needs contact with others. There is strength in a community of feeling, and there is a touch which makes all mankind akin. When the Bell Rock Lighthouse was built, the natural thought was, How will it withstand the storms that are to beat upon it? In the first storm to which it was exposed it was seen to tremble, and there was a feeling of danger. But when the builder heard it, he said it was tidings of joy, and he explained it in this way: Although it was built of separate blocks, the fact that they trembled showed that one block was so bound to the other that it became in fact a monolith, one single stone. So the bonds of humanity are so closely knit that we feel each other's woes. Occasionally there is a discordant note, an echo of Cain's

angry and revengeful question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" There is much self-indulgence which virtually says to all others, Take care of yourselves. The unsocial crustacean bores itself a hole in the sea-rock, and stays there all alone; and it has its prototype in communities—men who, absorbed in their own selfish interests, live totally unconscious of the great mass about them, who are their brothers and neighbors.

A lady had been taking pictures of a family group with her Kodak. Several different groupings of the family all together had been taken, when one of the little boys, in a confidential manner, called her aside and whispered, "Auntie, take me at a time," in other words, all alone. The child was father of the man; and here and there we see men separate themselves from the influences about them, and, alone and single-handed, fight the battles of life, in the vain imagination that they can do it better that way. Some hobble on alone, footsore and weary, carrying their own burdens, refusing to be comforted, and drinking vinegar and gall. True, it is in some cases the result of bitter experiences, of misplaced confidence. They opened their

hearts to some supposed friend, only to have them lacerated by the cruel darts of gossip, or exposed to the prying eyes of busybodies. So they close themselves now to sympathy and fellowship. Nevertheless, separate a man from his fellow-man, and you rob him of much that makes life noble and elevated. Exaltation of character and refinement of life come by association with the noble, true, and good. The man who goes out on the street with kindly feelings toward all men will have gracious greetings, pleasant associations, and a joyous life. But the man who is afraid to meet his fellow-man, crosses the street to avoid him, is dwarfing his moral nature, and embittering his own life. He needs the irresistible power of human sympathy.

Every man belongs to himself, and every man has a right to develop himself, body, intellect, and conscience, according to his best knowledge. We must hold to the sacredness and inviolableness of individual rights. But personal rights must not be set against the rights of society, nor personal liberty paraded as a hobby to cover wrong.

"License they mean when they cry liberty."

Law must not be destroyed for personal liberty. Chaos is not freedom. Anarchy would lift the hand of every man against his brother. And such is not the law of life.

A little boy was asked why he had two hands. His reply was, "One to help myself, and the other to help the other fellow." We shed an influence which, by the rule of accelerated force, gathers intensity as it spreads. No word we speak can be without its echo, and no act without its result. Influence is the silent language of our lives, and it may act as a powerful magnet to attract and draw others toward us or be a repellent Power that shall drive them away.

What a privilege it is to mingle with our fellow-men! This is not limited to immediate friends or intimate acquaintances; it may not always be between congenial spirits; yet there should be a helpful, kindly, and affectionate feeling toward all. These meetings of life ought to be more than mere formalities or simple courtesies. It is not a mere dress parade. It ought to mean the touching of heartstrings, the broadening of thoughts and convictions that break up isolation, that broaden the scope of living, that

kill sectionalism, that lead to unity of work and plans and purposes, that recognize common aims, and give a common feeling of manhood. It is well on life's journey to have interchanges of experiences and reflective comparisons of success. The true law of upbuilding ourselves is not by pushing another down, or, if he is down, refusing to lift him up. We ought not to rise over the prostrate form of another. Human hearts are not good stepping-stones.

"I would die in some lone bower,
Rather, when my race is run,
With no mourners but a flower,
And no watchers but the sun,
Than to dwell within a palace,
With the splendor of a king,
And receive the tithe of malice,
That a burdened people bring;
Than to enter through fame's portals,
With the noble and the great,
Than to rise to the immortals
O'er the ruins of a State."

Even "Excelsiors" may need companionship, or at least a guide before the morning breaks. Such selfish ambition only ruins in the end. Honor and fame, won at the price of others' wretchedness, are dearly bought, and at best are

only fleeting baubles. Better the gradual uplifting and ennobling of the mass than a pedestal of grandeur for the few, built on the foundation of ruthless oppression and bleeding hearts. There is an intermingling of interests, every part fitly joined together. The eye can not say unto the hand, "I have no need of thee." Success is uniform. It is mutual. You need not be afraid to give the key to others lest they unlock your treasures. There can be a helpful interchange of plans. There should be no rivalry or jealousy, but mutual helpfulness. We are traveling the same road, and we should not refuse to aid each other by the way. There is profit in the giving of the wealth of our heart love. Giving to help others never impoverishes, but rather enriches the life and increases its blessing.

"What I gave I have,
What I kept I lost."

A lady who had a beautiful flower-garden was accustomed to cut the sweetest and most promising buds, and put them into a basket and hang it by the roadside, for the school children who passed that way. A friend said, "Why do you thus rob yourself?" She replied, "The more I

cut, the more I have." So we do not lose by giving out of our love and sympathy, but rather gain in actual strength and power by the enriching of our own hearts and lives.

A plague was raging in Ireland. The priests gave out that if a man would take from his own fire a piece of burning peat and light his neighbor's fire with it, it would save him from the plague. It was a superstition, yet there was truth in it. Giving always blesses the life. There is no spendthrift like a noble heart. It does not know economy, and yet it is always rich. Cromwell found twelve silver statues in Westminster Cathedral. He asked, "Who are those expensive fellows up there?" And the answer was, "The disciples of Christ." "Ah," said he; "let them be taken down and melted up. Then, like Christ, they will go about doing good." What the world wants is concrete help. Men need sympathy more than they need bread. The great mass all about us are hungry for it. It is as heavenly manna to their starving hearts. They are famishing for it.

When Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, was on his death-bed, some one suggested to him,

"The angels are all around you." Rousing, he said testily: "I do n't want angels. I want folks. Folks are better than angels." The world needs fraternal, brotherly love. It needs more of "the milk of human kindness, and less of the curd of selfishness." We must recognize the supremacy of disinterested love in its devotion to the wants of others. Under its inspiration the loftiest place of honor is the lowliest place of service. Look at the incarnate Son of God, stooping to the lowliest office; a servant of the people; instructing the benighted; comforting the afflicted; healing the sick; pardoning the guilty; washing the disciples' feet. Henry Drummond says, "From selfism to otherism is the supreme transition of history." The laws of self-sacrifice and co-operation run through all the nature of things. The sacrifice of the individual for the common weal is always and everywhere a dominant principle. Nothing exists for its own sake alone. "No man liveth unto himself." The great, loving Father, whose infinite ministries of good and supply are for all, has implanted this principle in every human heart. Every individual is intended by God to be a minister of good to the world, and every

human being has a mission which is special to his fellow-man, and designed to be uplifting and helpful. The strong are to bear the infirmities of the weak, the rich are to help the poor, the high reach down and lift up the low, the wise teach the ignorant. It means a universal brotherhood of all men. God in his Word teaches us this beautiful lesson, and all nature is full of sweet ministries. The sun burns to light the world; the gentle dew distills to moisten the grass and flowers; the white snow falls like a mantle of charity over the bleak, frozen earth to shelter and protect the rootlets, and in its melting to send streams of sparkling water flowing down the valleys to produce fertility; the lichen casts its gray cloak over the aged ruin to beautify it and hide its crumbling walls; and the stars come out at night calmly to watch the lonely vigils, and only hide away when the beams of the morning break over an awakening world. So we are to enlighten darkened minds, to spread gentle influences, to refresh and cheer, to warm and clothe what is otherwise naked and desolate, to put the arms of strength about the decrepit and feeble, and hold them up, to stand as lone

sentinels amid the gloom of discouragement and betoken the dawning of better days. Humanity needs help. It is bruised, bleeding, and crushed. It has fallen among thieves. It has been robbed, stripped, and left for dead. There is a call for Good Samaritans everywhere to bind up the wounded and pour in the oil of sympathy, to spend and be spent, to strengthen the feeble knees and uphold the hands that are hanging down, to weep with those that weep. Practical philanthropy is the call of the age for men and women who are willing to be angels to minister to others, servants of all in the lowly places, to find the sad and sorrowing ones, and bring light and comfort into their lives and homes.

There is a legend that St. John, the beloved disciple, pursued one who had been in the fellowship of Christ and one of his disciples, but who had strayed away, and found him out in his haunt as a robber, and brought him back again to purity and renewed fellowship in the Church and the love of Christ. And this is the high commission of the twentieth-century Church, not to be encased in marble barriers, and within dim-lighted cathedrals bow in prayer and meditation,

but to seek the sinful and wandering out in life's byways and hedges, going out to find and save them, and compel them to come in. "How reach the masses" that are at our very doors, that crowd our streets, that frequent the scenes of revelry, that go into the dens of infamy and shame, that are our brothers, all of them, redeemed by Christ's blood? Glorious labor to seek to win them back! Precious their bruised and bleeding hearts in the sight of Christ's love. Blessed the reward for every service in their behalf. Much of the joy of heaven is over the wanderer's return. May we have not only one star in our crowd of rejoicing, but may they be "in groups!"

Chapter V

DOWN BY THE OLD HOME

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

"And Home! The heart's sweet resting-place,
What spot on earth so dear,
When sweet content, with smiling face,
Makes all things bright appear?"

THE place of a man's birth has much to do with his after life. The atmosphere of the home-life he breathes has much to do with his moral fiber and intellectual attainment. It may be in the country amid its solitudes, or in the bustling city with its jar and tumult. It may be in America, to enjoy its free air and religious and civil liberty; or in autocratic Russia, to feel its restraints. Washington was born on a plantation, surrounded by aristocratic associations; Lincoln and Grant in lowly homes. The birthplace of Shakespeare was Stratford-upon-Avon, a picturesque English village. There is an advantage in being well born, to have in your veins the blood of godly ancestors. The child who first sees the light in a crowded tenement-house infested with crime, and whose earliest recollections of life are scenes of brutality, poverty, and licentiousness, is handicapped on life's journey. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children. Under the laws of heredity, the inherent tenden-

cies are towards evil, and these, developed by unhealthy environments, produce youthful criminals. What an inestimable blessing is hereditary purity! The young disciple of Paul, Timothy, owed so much to the religious life of his mother and grandmother, and the Biblical instruction of his childhood home. The homes of America are centers of power. From them go out the influence, the leaven that shall leaven the lump of social life and purify the fountains of national politics. As long as they are kept inviolable, national life is secure. The training of early childhood has very much to do with a subsequent career of usefulness. A real home atmosphere, a mother's gentle influence, the quiet delights of childhood, the simple home joys, make character, and set the youth on the high plane to success. "The home forecasts the life, as morning forecasts the day." Youth has vast potentialities of happiness. It is the formative period, the most impressionable time of life, the most inconstant. Then tendencies are developed. In the home-life foundations are laid. They are very essential, and they ought to be dug deep and wide, and made firm and strong. There is a

creative power about the associations of the old home. In the homes of America are born the children of America, and from them they go out into American life with the stamp of the home upon them. Here we see the strength of intelligent and well-ordered homes. Home-life is the source of exquisite blessing. There is nothing more attractive, refining, and uplifting than its simple joys and fireside pleasures. The world has pleasures gay and bright; but nothing exceeds the joys of home, the bliss of our own fireside. It is a place of gladness when burns the firelight bright. We cross its doorsill, and enter its threshold to find the garden of Paradise. We can not be indifferent to the sweet attractions, simple pleasures, pleasant conversation, and sweet songs of its happy circle. None are more bright, more pure, and none more like the love of highest heaven. It is more like heaven than any spot on earth. Some one has said, "It is a special creation of Christianity." There is no other spot on earth so dear. How men long for its quiet and repose! "I long to see home," feels the sailor lad, as he climbs the mast amid the storm on the ocean wave. "I am going home,"

says the business man, as he bars the doors and shuts the blinds after a day of vexatious cares. "Home!" shouts the schoolboy when the day's studies are over. "I must hurry home," feels the fond mother as she passes along the crowded street, thinking of the little ones who need her watchful care.

"'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Halcyon days of childhood, whether spent in a royal nursery or rough cradle, under an arching canopy and stately architecture or low, thatched roof and lowly hearthstone!

"Of all the knots that Nature ties"

it is the last to break. The home that gave us birth! The scene of our first joys and sorrows! What a charm! What associations it suggests! What sacred memories it recalls! The garden gate, the overhanging tree, the woodbine porch, the winding brook, the busy bee,—these cherished recollections make the old home the holiest

of places. Fond memory clings to it as ivy clings to ruined places.

"Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?"

In hours of sadness, when grief presses and the burdens of life are heavy, then we long, like David, to go back, and,

"Kneeling, drink
At the spring our boyhood knew,
Pure and clear as morning dew."

In imagination we take

"The side path home, the back way past
The old pump and the dipper there;
The afternoon of dreamy June,
The old porch and the rocking-chair."

There are memorial stones set up on the threshold of the old homestead.

"Time writeth memories
And painteth pictures there."

We recall the last scene at the gateway, when, with tears in the eyes, the hands were clasped in a farewell shake, the parting word was spoken and the "good-bye" said, and, with faces toward

the future, we left the old home for another one. Home! A magic word. When we speak it, it seems to be like a bewitching strain from the harp of memory.

Spurgeon said, "Home is the grandest of all institutions." It is the keystone of the arch. No other place in all the world holds more sacred and helpful associations. The earliest influences for molding opinions and forming habits can not be overestimated or superseded. In it is the real test of character. A bully at home will make a tyrant among men. A boy who is rude to his sister will by and by be discourteous to some one else's sister. The son who is a tyrant to mother will after a while lord it over the fair one who becomes his wife. Home is the place for the smaller courtesies of life. How much they mean! A kind father, a loving husband, a dutiful son, a courteous brother; not obsequious, not churlish, not effeminate, but thoughtful, manly, and polite. Our highest effort ought to be to please and gladden the family circle. Those nearest to us have stronger claims upon us than any other. To be considerate and gracious of speech towards those of our household is life's purest

joy and highest service. Rudeness and incivility ought to have no place in the home. Home-life ought not to be a drudgery. There is toil and care, the daily routine and daily wear, but withal there should be a sweet content, quiet trust, and buoyant hope.

"Make home a hive where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees and their honey-dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revealings,
And love its bright angels with shadowy wing.

Then will it be, when afar on life's billows,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shade of the home weeping-willows,
And sing the sweet songs which their mother had sung."

Home is the place for sacred confidences. Webster defines home as a "dwelling-house," but it ought to be, and usually is, more. It is a place for filial and trustful confidence. This expresses its highest note. Not silly nothings, sentimental and honeyed phrases, but the confidence of high thought and clean living. It must not conceal its thoughts or hide its movements. If the fire goes out on its altar of love, then the

home is desolate. All else is shoddy gewgaw, fading tinselry, and hollow mockery.

"Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one of a thousand keys, and the parting jar
Through all will run."

It must be kept pure. It is a blessing if the cords of love bind all in joy and peace; but let the hateful, venomous viper of lust enter, and it despoils its treasures and robs the peace. Lust is cruel, reckless, indifferent. It tramples on the hearts of others. Take care that it does not spoil the purity and fragrance of your home-life. There are dangers to the home. It is menaced on every hand. Our activities are destroying its quiet. Our social customs are menacing its happiness. Our conventionalities are marring its beauty. The saloon, the gambling den, and the brothel, with their social vices, are sapping the virtue of the home. May we smite them before they blast us!

The religious influences of the home are potent. Its religious life ought to be pure, cheerful, full of sweet content, its piety unassuming, and goodness real. Then its joy will chasten every sorrow. The Bible has a place in the fam-

ily as a household treasure. There, with no doubts or cavils or questionings about it, it is read by the quiet firelight as the gloom of evening time comes on. Who can forget the sacred associations of those hours? The morning incense and evening oblation of ascending prayers, the gathering in the old parlor on Sabbath afternoons, the deep-toned organ-notes, the sacred songs and sweetly solemn tunes. There is the child kneeling at mother's knee in snowy white night-robes not purer than the little heart, and the sweet voice is lifted softly, tenderly, in words of prayer, reverently saying:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Or, when older grown and the voice better modulated, but not sweeter, and the vision broadened, the wisdom clearer, joining all the family circle in repeating, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

How well we remember the last gathering for prayer about the old hearthstone, the tremulous words of adoration and petition, the singing

of "God be with you till we meet again." Then, with silent hand-clasp the Mizpah ends, and we go out to tread life's busy pathways with its sweet melody ringing in our ears, and the religious spirit of the home lingers yet.

Religion in the home! There Christ writes his image on many a child heart, never to be effaced, but to be brightened and enlarged all along life's journey. The home at Nazareth! Who has not wanted to lift its curtain and peer into its secrets, to know more of those days of childhood spent in such obscurity? Humble it must have been, for they were poor. Holy it must also have been, for they were pious. Obedience must have been its law, for He was subject to his parents. Seclusive it could not have been, for they had friends in Cana, and he afterwards mingled freely with the people, and ate with publicans and sinners. Mary's and Martha's home must have been like it, for he loved to go there. And then later on he had no home, "not where to lay his head." He spent the night in solitude on the mountain's brow, or slept on a pillow in a boat during a raging storm.

How we pity a man who has no home; who

has no tie of family; in whose heart are sad traces of neglect in youth; whose retrospect of home is a dreary blank! How much he needs the friendship of Christ, and homes that are full of joy ought to be opened to him. The genesis of a home! Who can describe it! Here is a maiden fair and graceful, and a man noble and brave. She is coy and winsome, he is stalwart and strong. Together they plight their love, and there is a betrothal. Love's golden clasp binds it, and love's canopy hangs above it. Then come the marriage altar, the bridal wreath, the wedding-bells, and then home. There is a doubling of every joy, and the halving of every sorrow. She brings the dower of her good sense and serenity of temper, and he his undaunted courage and indomitable will, and together they share many a cup of joy and drink many a cup of sorrow.

The world looks to womanhood for its moral and spiritual advancement. In the home we find its highest type as wife and mother. Here she manifests her sublime faith and womanly courage. Here she shows the supremacy of disinterested love and service. The good Queen Vic-

toria was great as a ruler, but greater as a woman. In this sphere her high qualities endeared her to the world. She brought great honor to womankind. She did much for the home-life by the incentive of her example and the homely but necessary virtues of pure womanliness. In her the home-life of England, with its wifely sanctities, its pure domestic duties, and its plain loves, were focalized. She did not permit her sovereignty to overwhelm her womanhood. She inculcated habits of domestic industry and honest charity so characteristic of the family life of England, and the lesson she taught will not soon pass away. She was the exponent of the highest ideas of domestic life. To her children she gave the tender solicitude of a true mother. Noble queen! Beautiful wife and mother!

Mother! Ah, how much that means! "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of priest," Napoleon said. "Let France have good mothers, and she will have good sons."

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

The great Lincoln said, "All I am, and all I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Garfield and McKinley were never greater than in their love and devotion to their mothers. A little boy said, "The prettiest thing I ever saw was my mother's face." And another said, "I do n't care if it is wrinkled, it is beautiful anyway." Mother's love! How steady, enduring, and pure it is, like a flame divine. Mother's commands are gentle, mingled with reproof. Mother's words are full of encouragement and cheer. Mother's sympathy is manifest in every sorrow and trouble.

Mother, thou wast the guiding spirit of our home;

> "To thee my gift I 'd bring,
> As to his nest at eve a bird will come,
> His sweetest song to sing."

One day life's sky was checkered with clouds, and our hearts shrouded with gloom. There was a hushed and darkened chamber. We kissed the sweet face, but it was unresponsive clay. The eyes were closed and the hands folded under the coffin-lid, and we laid her away beneath the winter sod.

And grandmother, dear old grandma, with her silver hair and floods of sunshine. What stirring events in her life! What stories she can tell! Now she sits aside in her old arm-chair. The Bible is open on the table before her. Her spectacles are thrown back, and she is fast asleep, dreaming of childhood. Blessed old face, with its radiance of heaven; one of God's saints lingering here on earth to shame its wickedness and unbelief. One day an angel whispered, "Come away," and she was not, for God took her.

And the baby, little household treasure, with sweet, smiling face, tiny feet, loving ways, and clinging arms; and the others older grown, romping and roving,

"Patterin', patterin', up and down."

Childish voices with constant prattle, wondering, questioning eyes, sparkling with delight. Children with little heartaches and petty squabbles, growing up and going out, one by one, to school, to college, into business and trade, into other homes, and it may be into the country beyond, and into the eternal home.

And now the old home is broken. There are empty places. The hearthstone is desolate. Father and mother are gone to the better land, the children are separated, some are far away. Strangers go in and out of the old place, and the home of childhood is only a memory now.

Chapter VI

NATURE STUDIES

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"So shall I talk of thy wondrous works."

THE connection between man and the material universe has been fully demonstrated. Isolate him from surrounding objects, and he is powerless; his mind, heart, and soul deteriorate. Bring him in contact with inanimate nature, and he is quickened into new life; the intellect is sharpened, the heart is invigorated, and the soul inspired; genius is awakened and wields her scepter of power, curiosity is aroused into enthusiasm, and acuteness of penetration awakens thought. The natural tendency of things around us is to promote the association of ideas, from which flow thoughts and sentiments calculated to touch and elevate both mind and soul. There is something peculiarly instructive in the manner and method by which the things around us are adapted to our intellectual wants. Through all the grades of pupilage, all the degrees of civilization, and all the heights of mental exaltation, we can trace the effect to the same cause. The

world is a great Athenæum, where all may come and have revealed the arcana of knowledge. Nature is a glorious sanctuary, where the Shekinah meets his people, touches their souls, and purifies their hearts, by its holy ministries. Nature's inspiration is the torch of mind. Its magic touch gives acuteness to the understanding, and sharpens it for active life. The beauty of its lessons is graven in shining and ineffaceable characters upon the soul. The boy engraves his name on the flinty rock, or carves it on the growing tree, and he comes back in after years to see that the crude letters have remained; while they in turn have written their impressions upon his soul, which are not effaced by the vicissitudes of time. To its votaries Nature opens a wide horizon. It is the stepping-stone from the known to the unknown. The goddess of knowledge sits in its antechambers and instructs her followers. We can not long gaze at its variegated scenes without realizing its beauty and catching inspiration from the regularity of its laws.

"The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet seabeach,
Have meanings strange and sweet."

The pictures God paints in the sky every day are free for all. We see beauty amid the numberless flowers of spring, in the waving branches of the trees, in the hues of the seashell, and in the gleam of the precious stone. It is reflected from the silver-lined cloud, and by the rising and setting sun. All nature is a psalm, a melody of praise, and an anthem of joy. There is music in the rippling waves of the deep-toned sea, in the wonderful rhapsodies of mountain echoes, and in the sparkling water dashing down the rocky gorge and over the cataract. All nature speaks his praise, the waving harvest, the rolling landscape, the rippling fountain, the smiling flowers, the tiny blade of grass. The everchanging kaleidoscope of nature fills the mind with thoughts of boundless power and inaccessible majesty. We can not look upon the boundless prairie, the variegated forest, and the shoreless ocean, without sublime thoughts of the Wisdom and Benevolence which hath made all in harmonious adaptation to our wants. When the ear is attuned to hear the voiceless messages of nature, it will hear the voices of humanity and of nature's God.

"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes,
The still sad music of humanity;
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A spirit which disturbed me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:—
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

—WORDSWORTH.

Look at nature under the spell of the wizard Science, when he peers into its mysteries, when he questions its past, and when he waves his wand and reveals its inexhaustible stores. It has marvelous phenomena. See its crystallized dew-drops, like a cluster of diamonds, gently distilled upon the soil. Watch the tender grass springing after the gentle shower. Look at the frost-king as he smites like a plague, or the hot sirocco that withers all it touches. Study the cold that congeals the water into ice, and the heat that generates the steam. What revelations in the chemical elements of earth, air, and water! What

marvels when the microscope reveals the invisible atoms and molecules, or the telescope expands the heavens into a mighty planetary system! What wonderful manifestations of life, pulsating everywhere, blooming in the flowers, singing in the forest, and skimming the seas! Ours is an age peculiarly instructive. Forces and laws whose adaptation was unknown in the past have, in this age of invention and discovery, been brought into practical application. The flash of the lightning, the fall of the apple, the escaping steam, suggested the thought of hidden power. A philosophic Franklin snatched the thunderbolt from the heavens, and chained it by his power. A thoughtful Newton saw in the apple's fall a mighty force, attracting universe to universe. An inventive Watt brought forth the hidden force of steam, and made it the motive power of progress. Niagara, that had poured its ceaseless flood for untold ages, has been harnessed and utilized, and made man's agent to turn his spindles and run the machinery of our modern civilization.

What beautiful lessons are taught us by the flowers! There are fields of wild flowers, fra-

grant and sweet, growing everywhere in great profusion, and of all tints and colors. It is said there are sixteen hundred flowering plants in England alone. Tennyson wrote:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

President McKinley always wore a pink carnation in his button-hole. His carnations grew in the White House conservatory, and were Mrs. McKinley's chiefest pride. One was always laid by his dress suit for dinner, and one by his frock coat in the morning. When he was traveling his secretary attended to it. It was the President's custom in traveling always to give this button-hole carnation to the engineer of the locomotive behind which he traveled. When he alighted from his private coach at the station, he walked up the platform until he reached the huge machine. From the cab-window leaned the engineer, his sooty face beaming, hesitant, expectant. The President stopped just an instant, that the action might not attract the slightest attention,

and handed the pink flower into the grimy hands with a very low, "I sincerely thank you for your skill and my safety."

Flowers are always conducive of the worshipful spirit. Mrs. Hemans beautifully expresses this feeling:

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer;
They are Nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust in the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory,—bring flowers, bright flowers."

Who is not attracted by the charm of the beautiful, pure, and white lily? Many of the worn-out farms of Virginia have of late been turned to good account by their owners, who have directed their attention to violet-growing. The industry is spreading rapidly, and is said to bring substantial returns.

"Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,—
Sweet violets, I pluck them and bring them to thee."

A pretty legend ascribes to an angel's gift the extra beauty possessed by the moss-rose, veiled with its mantle of green. The angel, grateful for the protection of a rosebush, asked

the rose what gift it desired in return. The rose desired the angel to bestow another grace upon it, and the flower in a moment was covered with moss. Of the flower's lineage an old legend says, "I came from nectar spilled from heaven;" and in the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus sorrowed alone, the rose bloomed, as it still does, in fragrance and beauty.

By the artistic hand of man and by cultivation, beautiful gardens of splendid foliage and blooming flowers make a paradise of verdure where nature is always at her best; make a nature's "holy of holies," where her inner glories of divine beauty shine forth, and from which may be carried away mental visions and life inspirations.

"Nature at sunset! Who may not
Enjoy the calmness of the evening hour?"

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence. Scott describes such a scene:

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level ray;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire."

Nature at night! As the curtain of darkness drops her mantle down! Look at the azure depths in the calm watches of the night. Behold the star-spangled heavens! With the child we say:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Then, with the astronomers, we measure their distances and count their numbers. We trace them in cluster; Orion and Pleiades; or view them as planets, Jupiter and Venus,—

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Nature at sunrise! In the eastern sky the curtain of night, with its mists and darkness gloom and fear, rolls away, and gives place to the glories of the coming day, which flashes across the firmament in quivering lances of changing shades of vivid coloring, until it wakens the world into new life. Daylight comes, and night is gone. The finer sensibilities of our natures are attuned to such visions, until they

seem like the harmony of some magic harp making melody for our soul.

Yonder flows a majestic river. Its birthplace was up yonder mountain-side, under the mossy rock, a little, trickling stream. Rushing out, it becomes a wayside brook among the crannies; then a rivulet, meandering among the flowers; and now a deep-voiced river, rolling on toward the ocean and its azure depths. The Atheist walks in nature as though it were a great wilderness. He stumbles and staggers amid interminable voids; he knocks against rocks, with no light for his path, and with no hope in his heart. The Pantheist views it as a great temple of strange carvings; but there is no architect, no builder, no owner, and no occupant. But the Christian goes through it as a great garden, tilled and turreted, or as a great house where God and his children dwell. Nature has its dark and terrible aspects. Cyclones devastate, and tornadoes destroy. Volcanoes smoke and flame; earthquakes shock and rend; flood, fire, pestilence, and famine stalk abroad, and death reigns supreme. The very rocks are full of relentless forces, the harbingers of gigantic ruin. But over all the sod

spreads its mantle and the fields smile in beauty; and thus even its sterner phases are beautified.

But perhaps it teaches most by its solitudes. Go into her depths and commune alone with her, in the caves and caverns and mountain fastnesses, where her voice is sweetest and clearest. Walk along her byways, pluck wild flowers by the wayside; see the autumnal leaf, with its fantastic beauty and marvelous tints. Follow the brook, winding through sequestered nooks, into cool retreats, and drink its pure, sparkling water. Wander along hedges and green lanes, with a keen relish for beauty; among glades and glens, and on into the groves and stately forest. Stand under the leafy canopy of oak or chestnut or maple:

"The groves were God's first temples."

Go back in thought and imagination to the beginning, when all was chaos, void, and darkness. Then hear the Divine fiat which brings the first streaking of light; see the receding waters, order appear out of confusion, the mountains and hills uplift, and life appear, vegetable, animal, and then last of all man, the lord of cre-

ation. This is his world. Why should he not enjoy its beauties?

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And human foot hath ne'er, or rarely, been, . . .
This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's God, and see her stores unrolled."

God's heroes have been trained amid her solitudes. Moses saw the "burning bush" and heard the call to duty at Horeb. The children of Israel received the law and commandments in the wilderness. Elijah, the Tishbite, was fed by the ravens at the diminishing brook's side. John the Baptist was trained for his great work in the desert. The world's greatest workers have been reared in the quiet places. How much of Christ's life was spent in communion with nature! He was carried as a babe over the drifting sands on the hasty flight into Egypt. He climbed the mountain road to Nazareth, his boyhood home. He was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted, and prepared for his life work. Days were spent along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, in a boat, under the blue sky, or in the

tempest on the storm-tossed waves. At night he was on the mountain-side in prayer, out under the stars alone with immensity. In the garden's cool retreat and lonely quiet he endured the great agony of soul that prepared him for the tragedy of the cross. Master, let me follow thy example, and get close to the heart of nature.

Chapter VII

BATTLE SCENES

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat."

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest."
—President Garfield's Epitaph.

EARTH is a great battlefield. We see everywhere evidences of gigantic struggles. Strife and conflict have marked the world's progress. On historic fields there are signs of the bivouac and campfire and evidences of the storm of battle. There men by heroic deeds have built monuments that are imperishable. There brave spirits, noble worthies, wrought out victories that are enshrined in the archives of the past. To read of their struggles, to tell of their deeds, and to count their victories, is to stir the heart with holy emotions. We catch the infection of their spirit and the enthusiasm of their incalculable devotion. The world is always stirred by the recital of these scenes. Poetry has evoked the Muse to chant their praise. Statuary has emblazoned their fame. Sculptor's chisel has made these deeds breathe, and artist's pencils have made them glow, and they stand out as living facts. Oratory has pronounced their encomium, and history has recorded their valor.

War! How it has devastated the world! How we shudder when we think of it! O, the tragedy and the pathos of war! Not the camp-life and campfire, not the quiet scene of the evening hour, with the soldier boys chatting, writing letters, and singing songs, but when the morning breaks and the summons comes, "To arms," and he goes forth to the awful carnage and din of battle, to be wounded or killed, or taken prisoner. Such is war; a grim reality. War! How the shock of its mighty battles and gigantic struggles has shaken the earth; battles like Waterloo and Gettysburg! What marches, like Napoleon's over the Alps, or Sherman's to the sea! What sieges, like Paris or Vicksburg! What prison horrors, like the Tower of London or Andersonville! What great generals, like the Duke of Wellington or Grant! Its tattered battle-flags teach us lessons of patriotism and valor, and stimulate us to noble deeds. Amid its awful carnage

> "The citizen has been evolved
> From the serf, and the freeman from the slave."

There is a beautiful picture called "The Salute to the Wounded." It represents a group

of officers standing with bowed heads while a line of wounded soldiers go by.

"And O, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'T is the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

Yet we would not only paint the pictures of the battles of conquest, but also those for principle, the struggles for liberty of conscience. Who are the best characters in history? Not tyrants, who have made cringing slaves of their subjects, nor conquerors who have reveled in carnage and blood. No! no! Rather those who have conquered self, and those who have died for principle,—Moses, who left a crown and worldly fame for duty and right; Elijah, who defied Ahab who was wrong; John the Baptist, a forerunner of better things; Luther, who cared not for papal power; Bunyan, bound in jail,—brave, courageous, fearless, immortal souls, with iron nerve and no padlock on their lips!—

"Souls on fire, and waiting but their time
To burst with Ætna grandeur on the world!"—

men to whom truth was as a fire in their bones; like those who cried, "The sword of the Lord-

and of Gideon;" like Old Ironsides, who went into battle singing "Old Hundred;" like Gustavus Adolphus, who flung his life, his army, and his kingdom into the contest which he waged with Germany for the maintenance of the reformed religion; like Washington, who rose from his knees at Valley Forge to draw the sword. The path of duty is no primrose way. There is no road to glory but through death. The men who have made the world better have not fared sumptuously and been clothed in purple. They have often been mocked, and sometimes mobbed. Sometimes they had to stand as lone sentinels, and sometimes they had to face an ambush. Galileo was put on the rack; Luther had to go to Worms; Wesley was shut out of the churches; Christ was crucified on Calvary. What a record of heroic struggles! All history is resonant with their echoes. What wonderful characters have been developed by them! If we were to call the roll of the world's uncrowned kings, what a long line of illustrious names! Let us name a few without historical or chronological order: John Howard, who heard

"The sorrowful sighing of the prisoners,"

who, with a spirit of humanity and zeal went into the English jails, amid the lazarettos of Venice and Marseilles, to plague-smitten Smyrna and Constantinople, and found a grave at Cherson; John Howard, humanitarian! Socrates, who found that thirty tyrants had established a frightful despotism in Athens, and proscribed every eminent citizen—he alone refused to obey, and drank calmly and serenely the fatal hemlock; Socrates, philosopher! Joan of Arc, a fair maiden living in the rural part of France,—a voice haunted her in the quietude of her home, and she never rested until she doffed her peasant garb, and, putting on the soldier's armor, yet maintaining the purity and gentleness of a village maiden, she rode at the head of the French army, turned the tide of battle, infused her own faith and courage into men's fainting hearts, and won deathless fame; Joan of Arc, maiden heroine! Savonarola, who represented a pure Christianity amid the corruption of the Italian Renaissance, whose energy and perfect fearlessness made him unsparing in his exposure of reigning vices, whose eloquence and fervency made all classes ready to hear him, and who demanded freedom

for Florence of a dying potentate before he could receive absolution; Savonarola, patriot priest! Harvey, an original investigator and thinker, who lost his practice of medicine when he announced the true theory of the circulation of the blood, but lived to see it generally accepted, and his own college has erected a statue to his memory; Harvey, scientist! Galileo, who moved the world by his thought, as well as discovered the physical movement of the earth, who was convicted of heresy in the Eternal City, and suffered martyrdom, but whom after ages vindicated and crowned; Galileo, astronomer! Wilberforce, who exemplified the truth uttered by the poet,—

"Truest freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be,
Earnest to make others free.
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think.
Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of Fathers brave and free,
If there lives a man whom ye
By your labor can make free,
Then ye are not free and brave
While there breathes on earth a slave."

Wilberforce, philanthropist! From every country, clime, and age they have come; every soil has been stained with their blood. Germany bears the honor of giving to the religious world the Reformation. America was the haven to which came the Pilgrim Fathers. Scotland, bonnie Scotland, with its rugged heaths and glades, its lakes and glens, its beautiful scenery, with its pure air, developed the sturdy Covenanters,

> "That dauntless race,
> Who would rather die unsullied
> Than outlive the land's disgrace."

France gave the Huguenots a sobriquet, given as a reproach, yet representing imperishable qualities. They had close communion with God,

> "And thought
> What others only dreamed about, and did
> What others did but think, and gloried in
> What others dared but do."

But God's horizon of heroism has not only its fixed stars and planets, that blaze on in matchless splendor, but lesser lights also, that, while not so conspicuous now, will come out in greater glory in the ages to come,—men and women who in humble spheres have fought battles and

won victories, who have performed deeds of valor unrecorded by the historian's pen, but seen by the eye of God. In the struggle for German liberty one of the most touching acts of devotion to the cause was that of a girl eighteen years old, a daughter of noble parents. She was famed for her beauty, and most of all for her mass of golden hair. She had nothing else to give, so she went to a barber and asked him what her hair was worth. He answered ten thalers. She asked him to cut it off, but he refused. She went home and cut her hair off herself, and, wrapping it up, she sent it to the king's officer, with this note, "The barber has offered ten thalers for my hair. I am happy to be able to make this small gift to my country."

Another story comes from recent times. General Elliott, Governor of Gibraltar, while making a tour of inspection during a siege of that fortress, came upon a German soldier standing silent and still at his post; the man neither held his musket nor presented arms as the general approached. Struck with the neglect, the general asked: "Sentinel, don't you know me? Why do you neglect your duty?" "I know you

well," answered the soldier; "but I can not hold my musket, as I had the fingers of my right hand shot off a few minutes ago." "Why, then," said the general, "have you not gone to have them bound up?" "Because my duty is to stand here until relieved," answered the man. "Go at once, I will relieve you," said the general. The soldier, faithful to the idea of duty, went first to the guardhouse to report that the general stood at his post, and then went to the surgeon to have his wounds dressed.

The writer was a witness of the act that is described in the scene that follows: In the park of a Western city, through the efforts of the ladies of the Park Association, assisted by the public, has been placed a fountain to commemorate the memory of John Braden, who gave up his life by an act of heroism. It was during a carnival parade. He was driving the wagon loaded with ammunition and fireworks. As the procession proceeded, in some way or other a spark connected with the contents of his wagon and ignited them. It was soon a mass of flame. His horses became frightened and attempted to run away. The streets were crowded with peo-

ple. He remained at his post, and prevented any other accident until he finally fell from his seat to the ground exhausted and unconscious. He was terribly burned, and died the next afternoon. He was buried in great honor by the city. Soon afterward a movement was started to raise a monument fund. To this many contributed, especially the school-children. At the time he was a comparative stranger, having led a quiet, unostentatious life. But he died a hero, and his act made his name a household word. The fountain is a beautiful and artistic piece of work. The upper part is the figure of a woman with a water-jar upon her shoulders. The lower part consists of dragons, through whose mouths the water flows into the basin beneath. On one side is the inscription: "In memory of John Braden, who sacrificed his life, October 16, 1896, to save the lives of others." This fountain teaches us that, no matter how obscure our place, duty done will be honored, and that sacrifice is better than gold, and will be remembered. All honor to this hero.

Thus in the humbler spheres and amid life's common duties, men are being true to trusts,

standing for convictions, and doing noble acts. To them we may well apply the words of Whittier:

"If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in the hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,—

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praises to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part."

The marks of sweat, of sacrifice, and of toil are on all of the world's greatest achievements. Correggio gave his pictures to the world, but at what a cost! Nelson gave England victory, but at what a price! There must be crucifixion and self-denial. Sacrifice is the principle of the universe. It is deep-rooted in the instincts of humanity, and is of universal prevalence. The law of service is the law of sacrifice. The world's battles are not all over. Brave spirits are needed at the outposts. There are more worlds to con-

quer. We are summoned on the trysting-day to take our places at the battle's front. No general can tell a brave soldier until he gets into the fight. The blacksmith's chain is of no use until it is stretched by the weight. Questioning never wins victories. Promised lands are only entered by courage. "No, sir," said Robert Fulton, when a lad, "nothing is impossible." "The guard dies, but never surrenders," and "There are no Alps." With such mottoes as these the victories of the past have been gained. The soldier holds up an empty sleeve; he comes out with scars, but honor. When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the hearts of all England were stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of the nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul, these thirty trumpets gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Thus England honored its hero. And whether thus honored or not, the reward is worth all it costs, and the sacrifice is not in vain.

"They never fall who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad.
Though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts,
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

And better days are coming. The poet Longfellow believed in the proclamation of peace; but, as he looked about the world and noted its suffering and oppression and wars, he was almost led to doubt:

"And in despair I bowed my head,
There is no peace on earth, I said,
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

But the poet has another and brighter vision, and hears another and sweeter note:

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead nor doth he sleep.
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

Chapter VIII

HISTORIC VIEWS

"As I sat, I mused and pondered,
Through the realms of thought I wandered;
Thinking of the past and ancient times,
I heard in accents low,
As it were, an echo,
From the 'Phonographic Chimes.'"

"Bells of the past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With colors of romance."

WE live not alone in our own age. We are linked to the remotest time by chains of cause and effect. In vain do we strive to isolate ourselves from what has been; one flash of the imagination, one backward glance of memory, and we dwell amid the scenes of long ago. The mystic past is before us, a visible presence, real and tangible. We stand awed in the dwelling-place of antiquity, or tread reverently the sacred courts of Time's most ancient sanctuary. The hieroglyphics become living characters, the pyramids look down upon thronging myriads, the confused tongues of Babel are harmonized into one, and the enigmas of the present are the commonplaces of the past. We dwell in the long ago. We stand in the birthplace of thought, where civilization first molded order and form from chaos and violence, kindled the watchfires of progress, and knotted the threads of our remotest destiny; where science first plumed its wings, and began its ceaseless flight amid revolv-

ing centuries. We catch the first notes of nature's music, whose echoes have not yet died away. We behold the first act which begins the record of history, and which was the genesis of all other deeds. From the darkness of chaos gleams the morning twilight of creation's dawn. At the fiat of Omnipotence, Time swings from the battlements of eternity, to note and mark the movements of history. We are awed as we witness the mighty throes of matter, and the upheaving, one by one, of the pillars of the universe. The almost numberless æons of geological epochs pass in panoramic view before us. Omniscient thought and unchanging purpose lead on to final consummation and to completion in perfection and beauty. God invites us to visit this picture-gallery and con its treasures. Guided by the "old Sexton Time," and aided by the light of antiquity, and holding the keys of induction which are to unlock the secret chambers of the universe, we enter this temple of the past. We roam through its subterranean vaults and caverns; we traverse its meandering labyrinths; we wander amid its catacombs where lie

buried the ruins of ages gone. Here are the mosaics of the Divine Artist. Here is the sparkling diamond which is emblazoned with the brightest colors of the rainbow; here the glittering coal, which carries us back to geological epochs by its stores of crystallized sunbeams; here the granite rock, traced with ferns and bearing the finger-marks of the Almighty. Above is the canopy of the skies, the great vault of immensity, glittering with its myriads of worlds.

> "When Science from Creation's face
> Enchanting visions draws;
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws!"

Again the panorama unfolds, and we are in the domain of ancient civilization. Guided by the milestones of history, we enter through the vestibule to the palace of thought, to explore its magical chambers, and view its treasures that have been gathered in it from the onrolling centuries. We visit the penetralia of philosophy, and see the subtle torches of its genius. We walk through the courts of poetry, and view its treasure stores.

"Burning thoughts in strength undying,
Coined in words of long ago,
Silver words which time's alchemist
Give to-night a golden glow."

If we go back to antiquity, we may gaze with rapture on those bright constellations which are the cynosure of the world of literature, and whose effulgent rays shall illume it for ages to come. Its poetry kindles a flame of lofty enthusiasm, and rivets the attention by its magic power. Its philosophy touches the deep springs of the soul, and meets a responsive impulse in the human heart. From the annals of authentic history and legends of chivalry, we draw noble and illustrious examples of patriotism and devotion, which awaken kindred feelings in our breasts, and quicken the soul anew for its duties. Viewing the world's history, and tracing the pathway of civilization we find it has been a progressive march along the ages, developing from the rude primitive form into a system majestic in its dimensions and sublime in its achievements. From the simple rusticity and rude simplicity of ancient life we trace its course, like a majestic

river, widening and deepening as it flows onward along the years and centuries.

> "The thought we are thinking,
> Our fathers did think."

Age after age, generation after generation, have been stirred by the same emotions, moved by the same motives, and acted in the same arena. The history of the earliest ages reveals at the heart the same kernel which is the nucleus of all the world's advancement. There have been epochal movements, and these serve as milestones or divisions. Egypt, Persia, Babylon, Greece, and Rome are settings in this mosaic, while a thousand little events and comparatively insignificant happenings fill in and complete the outline. Shadows like feudal despotism, harsh asceticism, blind intolerance, and fanatical fierceness, fall across the canvas, but the lights come out clearer and brighter, as touched by the fingers of Providence, and we see the Divine idea.

> "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

History is the speculum by whose convergent rays we see the past and read the records of man. Science is for it a camera-obscura magnifier. Art and literature are lamps and magnifying lenses by which its glories and beauties are unfolded. Egypt, "the gift of the Nile," first rises in prominence, and we trace it in the pyramids with their mystic hieroglyphics. Assyria and Babylonia, with their mysterious inscriptions, stand out from the background of ancient paganism. The "golden age" of Roman and Grecian supremacy in art and literature makes a glowing scene. Athenian genius and Roman talent have left clear traces. The moldering beauty of the Parthenon and the decaying grandeur of the Coliseum tell what they were. Shaded, indeed, is the picture of the Middle Ages. It was enveloped by a darkness as intense as paganism, an ignorance and superstition as degrading as heathendom, and robed in garbs of piety more disgusting than Mohammedanism. The lights of liberty and freedom are not seen, and the "lamp of life" burned dimly in the inner courts of monasteries. But now comes "The Reformation." Luther stands with a lighted torch over the dark vortex

of feudal despotism. It shines with marvelous, expansive influence, spreading itself in a thousand forms and colors. Nations are touched into new life. Science and art are awakened. Genius is kindled anew, and religion, purified and baptized with a holy enthusiasm, enlightens a benighted world. Statesmen, philosophers, poets, artists, philanthropists, and a host of others, now throng the busy thoroughfares and make a varied scene too complex to analyze. The nineteenth century lies too close to us for us to see it in historic view. We have just emerged from its activities, and many of its best parts project over into the twentieth century, and are not completed alone. Yet we know when we can view it at its right perspective; and when it stands on its pedestal in the gallery of time, alongside of the others which have preceded it, it will be the brightest and best of all.

A famous general said to his soldiers when they were engaged in battle at the base of the pyramids, "Forty centuries are looking down on you." So the heritage of the past is ours. The long line of historic fact stretches back to the dawn of civilization. In the alcoves of his-

tory are stored the riches of science and the results of philosophic investigation. From these we may gather the highest thought and the highest aspirations. If, as Tennyson says,

> "I hold it truth, with him who sings,
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things,"—

So also these dead centuries are the foundation of the pillared arches that tower about us in the present. What is history? A sublime tragedy, enacted mid ruins and relics with the hoariness of age; the drama of humanity, with its lurid story of battles and strife. Sometimes it is the annals of events of paramount importance, and again pages of useless byplay, mere episodes, much of which fades out, and much that, being distorted, will get its proper setting as time goes on. Much of it depends upon the workshop where the colors are mixed. Sometimes it carries us back to the earliest dawn, and regales us with legends and fairy tales; sometimes it is a record of personal valor and achievement that become a part of its story; while again it has mystical and fanciful tales, showing the peculiar

atmosphere of opinion and the tendencies and development of a race. Sometimes it gives the picturesque side of things, and breathes into dead facts the breath of life. Rich pictures, striking figures, move on the scroll, and a series of portraits are thrown upon the screen to tell the tale. Modern history tends to become philosophic, and tells the why as well as the what of human events. What tragedies have been enacted on the human stage,—on the banks of the Nile; among the monuments of Thebes; on the plains of the Chaldees; along the mighty Euphrates; in Babylon, Tyre, and Sidon; behind the ancient walls of China and on the banks of the Ganges; in cultured Athens, and among the seven hills of Rome; on the Jordan, and along the shores of Galilee; on the brow of Olivet, and Jerusalem, with its Golgotha!

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thy cross thou bearest now!
An iron yoke is on thy neck, and blood is on thy brow;
Thy golden crown, the crown of truth, thou did'st reject as dross;
And now thy cross is on thee laid, the Crescent is thy cross."

What dark crimes stain the pages of history! It is a record of bloodshed and oppressions, so

monotonous as to become wearisome,—a series of brutal assassinations and bloody conspiracies, inquisitions and thumbscrews, guillotines and dungeons, long conflicts and bloody persecutions, encroachments of power that developed despots and tyrants. What surging billows of barbaric invasion, beaten back by advancing civilization! What a mighty sweep of armies and amazing campaigns of conquest and subjugation! What fierce and frenzied strife and life-long struggle of contending clans and factions, ending in tragic convulsions or total annihilation! What struggles of great monarchies, the dismemberment of kingdoms and the re-establishment of empires, the overthrow of dynasties, the fall of imperial families, and the triumph of others! Strange, wild, romantic, and meteoric careers! One picture stands out as an example,—the strange, impulsive movement known as the Crusades. The land of Palestine was in the hands of the enemies of the faith, and the Holy Sepulcher was guarded by the infidel. Peter the Hermit, a Frenchman, began to preach a holy war. Attired in the coarsest garments, he traveled from place to place to awaken the people

from their lethargy. He was everywhere received with enthusiasm and heard with rapture. The whole fabric of European society was shaken to its foundation. Persons of all ranks and degrees assumed the cross; even the children were enlisted in the holy cause; and soon thousands were on the march towards Jerusalem. The result could be, and was, nothing but disastrous failure. Some good may have been accomplished, but it was at too great a cost.

So we have glimpses of strange, erratic struggles, resulting in scenes of carnage and violence, the fruitage of man's inhumanity to man, the outgrowth of the doctrine that might makes right, and the divine right of kings. Here we see agglomerations of men and contiguous nations with distinguishing characteristics and marked physiognomy. Some crystallize under the spirit of organization, while others show the marks of fickleness. Some ill-fated nations run their course and are buried out of sight, while others are increased and enlarged year by year. Some refused to fuse under the influence of progress, and were crushed hopelessly or became petrified and lifeless, while others, catching its spirit,

were lifted to higher planes, and with them one period succeeded another in an unbroken series, and carried forward its ideas. And out of all these struggles and conflicts has emerged the present.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways."

The old harpstrings may be broken, the monuments may be crumbling, the temples may be in ruins, the cities may be desolate, yet in the achievements of the past the noble efforts of its heroism, its bright emanations of thought, and the production of its immortal genius, there is an accumulation of power which transcends the passage of time. These things live and abide. And the power of reminiscence brings them all before us.

"Each faintest trace the memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all it was at once appears."

These tragic facts of history may teach us many lessons. Greater opportunities and as great temptations are before us. Its best use may perhaps be to help us draw a better picture

ourselves. J. S. C. Abbott says, in a preface to one of his histories: "The one great truth taught in all these annals is, that there is no hope for the world but in the religion of the Bible." He only is the true philanthropist who offers the unceasing prayer, with corresponding exertions, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, in heaven, so in earth."

Chapter IX

ON CROWDED STREETS

"With Thee in busy crowded cities talk."

"Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! And here amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind."

WE stand to-day amid the busy scenes of city life. What a fascination in the moving picture of the passing crowd! What strange sights are here presented! Here, amid its hurly-burly, we may study humanity as a heterogeneous conglomerate mass of money-makers and pleasure-seekers. Here the broker gambles in stocks and bonds, and builds up great fortunes and tears them down. Here the street-beggar wanders from door to door in search of bread, or, like Lazarus, sits in front of the rich man's palace asking for the crumbs that fall from his table. Here the lordly aristocrat rides behind a liveried driver, in an elegant equipage, while the thousands crowd the street-cars, "the poor man's carriage," or throng the thoroughfares on foot. Here may be seen the reeking filth and abject squalor of overcrowded tenement-houses. Here are the gilded saloon and gambling-hells, alluring and leading astray the unwary footsteps. Here the painted harlot plies her soul-destroying traffic, with all the arts that

depraved human nature can suggest. Here great philanthropic movements are projected, and benevolent enterprises are carried forward for the amelioration of the condition of the masses. Here church-spires tower towards heaven, and chiming bells call the devout and reverent, the careless and erring ones, alike to worship. Here are palaces of luxury, and homes of magnificence, where the rich dwell. Here are the abodes of the poor. Who can describe the slums of a great city? Or picture the degraded, hopeless faces, the dull eyes, and the languid bearing of those who dwell there, and against whom the tides of life beat so remorselessly? None are so miserable as the poor of a great city, where they are huddled together in crowded tenement-houses, with no sunlight, little comfort, and dark, narrow stairways, reeking with filth and breeding pestilence.

"Listen we can not hear them,
With our faces turned away;
Our hands all laden with baubles,
Like children at their play.
With hearts absorbed by our pleasures,
Our selfish loss or gain,
O, how can we hear creation's
Great undertone of pain?"

Alone in a great city at night! The rattling street-cars and flying elevated trains confuse by their number. The people are thronging to their accustomed places of assemblage for pleasure. Luxuriant private conveyances roll by, conveying their occupants in evening dress to brilliant ball, or fashionable theater. Yonder stands a stately mansion, where, within its brilliantly-lighted halls, gather the élite for an evening of gayety and pleasure. Yonder is the great theater, where to-night the "star" actor appears, and thousands are thronging its corridors. Yonder, in the slums, the multitudes are flocking to the variety shows and crowding the billiard-rooms and rum-holes. Yonder stands a Gothic church, an architectural beauty, but ghost-like in the shadow; for no welcome light gleams from its cathedral windows. O, when will the Church of God awaken to realize that, if it would save the masses, its doors must swing wide open every night of the week, and afford some counter-attraction to thousands of places of infamy and shame? Mighty and deep are the pulsations of life as they flow along the great arteries of trade and travel. Here is a great, seething mass of

humanity, with its incessant roar and clash of contending forces. These streams seem to flow on forever, surging, pushing, swaying backwards and forwards, lashing and dashing a turbid flood.

"O, mighty city, is there any hour,
From daybreak till another dawning comes,
When the white dove of peace can drop her wings
In sweet compassion o'er thy throbbing heart?
Is there no respite from the thundering wheels,
The clangor of the bells? Art thou not sick
Of too much life? Canst thou not sleep
While the calm stars a pitying vigil keep?
Is there no shore in this loud stunning tide
Whereon thy waves could break and then be still?
Canst thou not lift thine eyes to yon blue heaven,
And in its boundless peace hide thy unrest?
Canst thou not cast the burden of thy care
On the great Heart of Love beyond the stars?"

Here, in this city life, amid towering walls, on paved streets, along narrow alleys, on busy thoroughfares, men are toiling for their daily bread, getting fleeting glimpses of happiness, meeting difficulties, facing privations, suffering ills, bearing burdens, and carrying sorrows. Within what little space how much of life is crowded; what high hopes and how much pain! Here we read the endless story of humanity. What tragedies are enacted here each passing

hour! What suggestive incidents of the humor and spice of life! In these motley crowds, what exaggerated peculiarities! What a brilliant phantasma of confused figures and dazzling movement of form and color! What strange follies and fantastic pleasures among those massive buildings and narrow streets! What stirring emotions in this crowd of life, always pathetic, sometimes gay, sometimes sad! What a murmur of talk and conversation in the glittering shops! What a living panorama of human life, with its present movement, and aspect of things! What a mass of existence, viewed either as a whole, or in detail! What a phenomenon, what a study! How shall we regard it? Shall we be lost in the crowd or maintain our identity? What a means of education to a keen observer, and to one who keeps closely in touch with its current, or one who looks beneath the surface! We watch this restless, quivering, human flood, this ceaseless effort for attainment, this aspiring and this striving; and out of this shifting phantasmagoria come some definitely-formed purposes and fixed principles. We are a part of this life. So we may well study it and take it to

heart. It is the glass in which we may see our own reflection. Here we may learn our own pleasures, pity our own sorrows, read our own story, watch our own mental development, and foreshadow our own fate. You are "on 'change." How shall you meet its problems, face its responsibilities, measure up to its obligations? There is one great essential, an overmastering moral purpose. We need moral manhood in its very highest attainments on the streets of our modern cities. The fields of usefulness were never broader, the sphere of action never larger, nor the demand for earnest workers ever greater. We need not secularized religion, but spiritualized business. The Chinese have their gods in their shops and stores. We need our morals and religion in our business. The manhood needed is not menial nor enslaved. It does not blush, nor cower, nor cringe. It does not creep nor crawl. It stands erect. It does not walk on crutches, and does not need to be carried. It abides in strength. In its business methods it can be tested, analyzed, and cross-questioned. It is not supine or listless, and seeking only to curry popular favor. Wrongs may be intrenched, and

unholy methods may be in vogue; but it does not excuse or palliate or succumb to the inevitable, or simply do what others do, but stands for principle, conscience, and right. Lawlessness is one of the dangers of the present. Mob violence is on the increase. Where the multitude is massed, there is great danger of disrespect for law and authority. Political vagaries have been expounded that are inimical to the public welfare. There is a lack of respect and obedience to constituted authority. The nihilist and ultra socialist do not aim to reform, but to destroy. They wear the tri-colored insignia of revolution. But amid all the din, constitutional government abides. Neither in Church nor State can any "rule or ruin," or "rule and ruin" party, succeed.

Perhaps, after all, the danger is not so great as it seems. We are reminded of the story told by General Grant in his "Memoirs." When in Mexico he was sent from headquarters across the country, in company with an older officer, to deliver some messages. They camped out on the way, far from any settlement. In the night he was much disturbed by the howling of coyotes. In the morning the officer referred to

it, and asked him how many he thought there were. Grant said, judging by the noise they made, he thought there must have been twenty. The other laughed and said, there were just two. The general remarked that, in his after experience in political life, he found that you could not judge the size of the crowd by the noise they made. So we believe that, despite the noise, law and order will triumph, and that, in city and hamlet, a due respect for government and authority will prevail, and that the lawless element, now intrenched behind social and political forces, will be dislodged and destroyed. Let us fill our legislative, executive, and judicial departments of Government with men whose characters are unspotted and whose lives are noble and virtuous, and guard our cities with virtue, the true surveillant, destroy the saloon and its associate evils as centers of lawlessness, and put into our citizenship more moral fiber.

Here the labor question comes to the foreground. The communist clamors for a division of property. The socialist would level all distinctions of wealth. Here the labor agitator and walking delegate perform their tasks and agitate

the question. There was some truth in the cartoon that represented Labor and Capital as about to shake hands, while in the distant background stood a tramp and an Anarchist, who were quoted as saying, "If them fellows shake hands, you and me 'll have to work." By the enmassing of wealth, there have been encroachments upon the rights of labor. By injustice and oppression the problem has been complicated. By combinations of capital, labor has been robbed of its just recompense. There is too much of the spirit of the old ballad:

"We will make them to work hard for sixpence a day,
Though a shilling they deserve if they had their just pay;
If at all they murmur, or say, ' 'T is too small,'
We bid them choose whether they 'll work at all.
And thus we do gain all our wealth and estate
By many poor men that work early and late."

Labor ought not to be made a drudgery. It ought to be a part of life's preparation. Conditions may change, but diligence and industry are essential. The rule expressed by the apostle holds good: "If any will not work, neither let him eat;" and "If any provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel." Christianity demands for labor a just recompense. The com-

mon law of Israel protected the laborer, and even extended to the beast, for it said, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." The prophets thundered their anathemas against its oppression: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work;" "I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages." There must come a spirit of fraternity, of co-operation, and a willingness to arbitrate difficulties, before this question will reach its solution.

Civic duties are prominent in our modern life. Citizenship implies the rights and privileges that inhere in a residence in any city and our relation to the Government under which we live. Paul boasted of his citizenship. Ours is a high privilege. We should bring to it our highest thought and noblest purpose. We should not disfranchise ourselves. This is not a time for sanctimonious righteousness, but for a study of all political problems from a moral standpoint. We can not float with the tide, but with an earnest purpose and profound conviction consider finan-

cial and legislative problems, principles underlying the monetary system and social fabric. We do this as citizens, not as partisans. Parties are temporary, principles are eternal.

When Vice-President, Roosevelt, in an address at Carnegie Hall, on "The Standard of Civic Righteousness and of Christian Faith and Conduct," said: "We ask that these associations, and the men and women who take part in them, practice the Christian doctrines which are preached from every true pulpit. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule must stand as the foundation of every successful effort to better either our social or our political life. 'Fear the Lord and walk in his ways,' and 'Let each man love his neighbor as himself;' when we practice these two precepts, the reign of civic righteousness will be close at hand. Christianity teaches, not only that each of us must so live as to save his own soul, but that each must also strive to do his whole duty by his neighbor."

The term politician has an unsavory reputation, and politics is usually considered a game at which rogues play. But we must give it another meaning. A little boy said he wanted to

be a politician when he grew up, and when asked why, he said, "Because they throw mud at each other." The real definition is a suggestive one. "One versed in the science of government and the art of governing." To administer government is a high function. To make law is a noble calling. It has engaged the brightest and best minds of the centuries. It requires a maturity of intellect, a consciousness of duty, and a high moral purpose. Citizenship is a law-given right. We should not abrogate it. It is our birthright. Like Paul, we are free-born. A slave said: "Bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa Car's slave, de bones an' blood an' sinews. But, glory to God, my soul is de free man ob de Lord Christ." And we are free, soul and body. Garrison said, "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I *will be heard*." And he was. He, with others, heated the fires of opposition so hot that the manacles of the slaves fell from their arms, and slavery was roasted in the fiery furnace of popular indignation. And so the duties of the present must be met. We are all twentieth-century politicians,—ministers who make their

pulpits, not places for "stump speeches," but forums for the discussion of great national issues; teachers who are to fathom the intricacies of political economy; business men who are to put into practical operation in city government business principles; statesmen who recognize their opportunity to exalt morality and uphold righteousness; aye, saints of God, whose hands are not gory with the stains of an offensive partisanship, but who, with clean hands and pure hearts, serve city and State as well as God. Accept your God-given trust as a Christian citizen and stand in your place; being true to God, true to self, true to principle, and thus be true to your country's best interests.

"Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right;
While oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason,
Or a sorrow gnaws the heart;
Or a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part."

Chapter X

IN QUIET NOOKS

"Far from the busy haunts of men."

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Spending and getting, we lay waste our powers."

"Come ye apart and rest a while."

TO-DAY the rush and roar and tumult are hushed and silent, and we walk in paths where the quiet forces are at work, and those influences that are secret and hidden teach their lessons. How full nature is of just such forces, which, although hidden, reveal themselves by their effects, and all are working within their secret offices, molding for man the beautiful and sublime! The germination of seeds, the growth of plants, and the development of fruit are physical phenomena which show the power of some unseen indwelling principle, unceasingly at work, fearful in its grander operations, and wonderful in its gentler developments. A dark seed opens into a flower, living, lustrous, and fragrant. A bud bursts forth blossoming in beauty and ripening in fullness. A tiny acorn expands, rises, and spreads into the monarch oak of the forest. Here is a majestic tree in which there is a mutual connection of every minute leaf, with the root through which it draws its life blood, and thus towers heavenward in the grandeur of its

strength. We may enter nature and watch its secret forces. We may walk its beautiful avenues to "the music of the spheres." We may descend to its hidden chambers, and behold its golden wealth displayed on every side. We may study the alchemy which changes gross particles of matter into symmetrical forms. There is something inspiring in examining its intricate workings, something invigorating in its mystic touch. The thoughtful observer finds it

> "A window through which we may look
> To infinitude itself."

We may contemplate its silent forces. Gravitation draws all to a common center, and acts on all bodies throughout the wide regions of unmeasured space. Cohesion holds the particles of matter enchained, and chemical attraction works no less mysteriously by the exercise of its occult power, giving determinate and fixed forms to every kind of material creation. These silent, unseen forces are the power which, like a potent spirit,

> "Invests each atom with a force supreme,
> Framed the mightiest mountains of the world,
> And each leaf and flower by its strong law restrains."

How quiet and hidden are God's greatest works! Mystery is the handmaid of his infinitude. "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." Sometimes we just want to be quiet. Silence! How expressive! All is still! Thought is silent, deep within the mind. Silent falls the dew, silent roll the stars in the unfathomable blue. Worship is silent, quiet, waiting with bowed heads and folded hands. Silent vigils and silent prayers, like heavenly manna, feed the soul. The best lives are not the noisiest ones. Many are like the mountain stream, hidden in the forest, secluded and sequestered. In the majority of lives there are few stirring episodes. They shrink from observation, dwell in some quiet nook, manifesting rugged honesty, intense industry, grave tranquillity, wise discretion, and unflinching principles of morality. Their strength of purpose "comes from a hidden source apart." Who can sound the depths of a soul and fathom what lies there? Who can measure the potencies that slumber there?

We stood one day in the engine-room at the World's Fair in Chicago, viewing the Corliss engine. It was a marvel of mechanical genius,

each part perfectly adjusted, and its movements regular and correct. But there was nothing about its external appearance or its quiet movement to indicate its mighty power, or that it generated the force that set all the machinery of the great exposition in motion. Thus much of the force of character in many lives is so quiet, and even obscure, that we do not realize its potency unless we trace it out in its various ramifications of society. To-day, in quietude and hidden retreats, the men who are to move the forces of Government and society to-morrow, are being trained and cultured.

Who does not love the quiet of the evening hour? Its silence is very sweet and soothing; its lengthening shadows invite repose; its calm prevails over outward care. Every lowly flower is expanded to catch the last golden gleam of sunshine. In some still retreat of prayer we wait in reverent silence. In the quiet of the voiceless night there may be peaceful reverie. It has a tranquil influence.

"The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day."

It is the quiet hour. A mother, with a large family and many household cares, was accustomed at the twilight hour to go quietly away to a chosen retreat for meditation and prayer. A friend had remonstrated with her for it as a neglect of home duties, and, chiding her for it, said her place was with her family at that time. As a protest against the rebuke, and for a reply to it she wrote:

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May each departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day."

So the holy fragrance of evening prayer spreads over earth and sky a mantle of repose. And as the stars come out one by one, and the shadows lengthen, we sing:

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide."

How the Master loved to go into solitude and retirement! He had lonely vigils on the mountain-side, all night long in communion with the Father. On the mountain he was transfigured. How often he passed silently down the steep sides of Cedron, and crossed over into Gethsemane! There he went that last night before his death, under the mellow light of the Passover moon. Before him lay Olivet, and beyond it Bethany, with its quiet home and loved retreat where he had often rested. Behind him lay Moriah, crowned with its snow-white temple, that ought to have been a place of prayer, but had become a den of thieves. And Jerusalem, the chosen city of God—but it had rejected him! Into the quiet retreat of Gethsemane he goes to pray.

"He knelt, the Savior knelt and prayed.
Where but his Father's eye,
Looked through the lonely garden's shade."

There are lonely, quiet places in every life journey—times when we are turned aside from the beaten highway, and called to walk the desert path, to go into the wilderness where our

heads rest on pillows of stone, and, like Jacob of old,

"Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I 'll raise."

Sometimes we are like Elijah the prophet, called to the brook Cherith, to be fed by ravens, and to see it running lower day by day, until it is dry. Ah, life has its "shut-ins," with pinched faces, wrinkled with pain; bereaved ones, with the widow's veil; and those whose hearts are deeply shrouded with sorrow.

"Called aside!
From the glad working of thy busy life,
From the world's ceaseless stir of care and strife,
Into the shade and stillness, by thy Heavenly Guide,
For a brief space thou hast been called aside."

Hours of solitude! How are they spent? To be alone, and shut out the world and look within; to study our motives, analyze our purposes, and plan our future.

"Within the chambers of my heart
There is one cloistered nook,
Whereto I turn my frequent steps,
That I may pray, and look
Into the future's far-off span,
Undimmed by mists of sense;
The while my soul more patient grows,
More sure of recompense.

This holy place is mine by right,
  Dear-bought from Love's own hand;
Within its soul-environment
  I feel that I can stand
Erect, freeborn, a child of God,
  Whose right it is to reign
Triumphant over pain and sin,
  Till Death itself is slain."

There is no one but can appreciate the sentiment and echo the feeling expressed by the sweet singer, Eugene Field, when he says:

"It seems to me I 'd like to go
Where bells do n't ring, nor whistles blow,
Where clocks do n't strike, nor loud gongs sound,
And I 'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones,—

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 't were n't for sight and sound and smell,
I 'd like a city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue;
And say, now, how does it seem to you?"

Fortunate we are if we can go up some mountain cañon, amid its bowlders and gorges, into its fastnesses, surrounded by crags and crannies, and hear the deep roar of the mountain torrent and cataract, where the light of the sun seldom penetrates; or to climb some lone mountain height, where human footsteps have seldom trod, some Alpine peak or towering crag, and look out into immensity or down into some abysmal depth; or stand in the crater of some extinct Vesuvius, with its scarred records of the upheaval of subterranean forces all about us. We may visit some mighty ruin with moss-grown walls, which, explained, reveals the secret of the past; or view some lonely old castle by the sea, that has defied the lashing of old ocean's waves for centuries, the ancestral home of some ancient lord; or a palace like the Alhambra, beautiful in ruins, though only a remnant of its former glory. We may go out to some wayside inn, in its rural simplicity, and drink out of some

"Moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well;"

walk over meadows of sunburnt grass, or wander in some quiet glade in sylvan gloom, along

some lovers' lane, far from busy scenes. We may look up to some cathedral dome, and listen to its vesper chimes, or, entering its abbey cloisters, loiter amid its long naves and pillared arches, and gaze upon its beautiful mosaics, its sculptured Madonnas, its festooned flowers and fruits, and in its dim cathedral light pause, and think, and worship.

Such scenes promote the spirit of meditation. Meditation is the closing of the eyes to things that distract, and the steadfast setting of the mind on things unseen. It must be free from disturbance, and demands deep faith. "The spirit needs meditation as the day needs the night." The heart grows sick and the mind cynical. We grow tired of so much tinselry and tawdry show and fleeting vanity. We close our eyes to it all, see with the inward eye, and think on nobler things. The voices of the world's discord and strife are hushed, and we listen to sweeter melodies. We walk as seeing the invisible, and hear words that are inaudible. A calm spirit of contemplation gives quiet insight into realities. The soul is transformed by it, the mind

composed and absorbed, the passions controlled, the will subdued, and deep down in the heart will sing the quiet waters of peace that flow from God. Like the placid waters of a lake which receive and reflect the image of the infinite heavens, the soul thus absorbed will reflect the image of the Heavenly, and, being transfused by its light, the face will shine with the radiance of beauty. Mystics and saints turn aside from the crowded ways to contemplate in the cloister the life of Christ. So in meditation the harp of life vibrates with sweet music, like the cooing lullaby of the mother to the child in the hushed and darkened chamber; like the rhapsody of celestial music at the midnight hour. The soul's unrest is hushed, its lashing waves are stilled, its burning fever allayed, its grief assuaged, and its cup of tears dried. But for such meditation, such solitude, such quiet resting-places, hearts would break and lives would be wrecked. Alas! alas! The rush of life—heed it, check it. Better not snap the brittle thread, better not rush headlong into crime or debauchery, into dissipation or vice, or ruthlessly snatch away the God-given boon.

"Rest is not quitting
This busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere."

Rest the soul and quiet the mind by seeking some place of retirement and by meditation upon God's goodness and the plenitude of his mercy. Let the spray of some mountain streamlet, as it dashes over the stones, lave the weary brow, and the dull monotony of some limpid stream still the aching breast. We draw the heart-strings too tense in this strenuous life. There is too much wear and tear, haste and tumult, anxiety and worry. Amid competitions that are steadily growing keener, there is a fearful nervous exhaustion. Sometimes, disgusted and dissatisfied with the artificialities of life, dull ennui eats out the heart. And again we are under a nervous tension, racing along at a mile-a-minute pace. What better thing than to get fishing-tackle, or book and hammock, and hie away to some sheltered nook in the forest depths, and there, by limpid pool or quiet brook, whose crystalline clearness mirrors the heavens, with all feeling of restraint gone and freedom from conventionali-

ties, seek relaxation and recreation amid new environments? How it acts like a tonic on the mind, braces the constitution, and gives buoyancy of spirit,—just as the tuner keys up the chords! How restful to roam in the forest gray, in the wild woods, among dense foliage, and 'mid springing flowers and singing birds! Perhaps you pluck the lilies. While "they toil not, neither do they spin," they extract the whitest hues from blackest soil, and sweetest perfume from noxious odors. How they rebuke our paroxysms of effort and feverish querulousness! Amid such associations the worries that waste our life disappear, and there come instead a radiant joy, tranquil gladness. In such an atmosphere we feel thankful for the providences of God, and he is all loving. There we gain new strength to journey till

> "The pilgrimage path shall no more be trod;
> A rest remains for the people of God."

Then we shall be carried to some quiet nook, some consecrated spot, to sleep beneath the shade and flowers; some beautiful resting place of the dead, some "God's acre," to lie down in after the journey of life is ended.

"Place for the dead! What fairer place
Than here amid the hillocks green,
Where through the tranquil willows chase
The sunbeams o'er the scented grass,
By many a fairy dell and pass,
To cheer its dust below, I ween?
Here stars upon our turf shall braid
The glory of their evening glance,
While morning beams around us dance,
And kiss the flowers that cluster by."

A quiet house for the earthly remains of the departed to rest in until the resurrection morn, the city of the "loved and lost," with its leafy shade and blooming flowers. Here the living stray, here the bereaved come to weep, here the devout meditate, and here all strew the graves with sweetest flowers.

"Lay me down in the quiet churchyard,
Whose deep, solemn stillness oft made
My heart in boyhood tremble
Whene'er I approached its shade.
Let me rest near my fond, sainted mother,
Who made childhood's home so bright;
Lay me down near my noble father,
Who has passed to the sweet home of light,
When flowers o'er my grave will be sighing,
With winds from the gold-tinted west,
And friends I have loved oft will scatter
The violets of spring o'er my breast."

Chapter XI

IN THE DARK ROOM

"LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!"

"Night brings out the stars as sorrow
Shows us truth."

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadows
Keeping watch above his own."

SOME beautiful day we go out for a stroll, taking with us our kodaks. From the varied scenes about us we catch some views of shady nooks, and flowing streams, and azure sky. When the day is over, we carry home our "little black box," which contains all the results of the day's tramp. There all the views lie hidden on the film; but if we were to expose it now, it would look blank and featureless, and we would ruin it forever. We must take it into the dark room, and put it into the tray of developing fluid, and wait for fixed results. So with all of life's pictures. They must pass through the dark room to be fixed and developed. We shrink from it, and yet, what will be the result without it, but undeveloped character, blurred negatives, unfinished lives?

Sacrifice is explained by the law of compensation. We get so much better than we give up. The child cries when the mother snatches away the bottle of poison; but by it she spares its

life. Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls. Through tribulation we put on our coronation robes. It may be the condition of the highest blessing, the influence that is to purify and to improve, to bring out the features, and to develop the character. Some one has said that a part of the city of Venice is built upon charred piles that have been driven down through the waters of the Adriatic; and in the course of ages these charred piles may become the pure, hard substance known as diamond, and that at the last the foundations of the beautiful Queen of the Adriatic may have some diamond gleams within its darkness. Ruskin, in his "Ethics of the Dust," calls our attention to the silent forces of nature, which never appear so grand as when they transmute baser materials into higher forms. The pool of slime is transmuted by the action of light and heat, so that the clay hardens into blue sapphire and the sand into burning opal. So in the dark room, by the action and transmuting influence of Divine grace, that which is slimy and uncouth is changed into gems that sparkle and are fit to shine in an immortal crown.

Phillips Brooks said: "The times that make us weakest, and that force our weakness most upon us, and make us most know how weak we are—those are our coronation-days, the days of sickness, days of temptation, days of doubt, days of discouragement, days of bereavement, and days of aching loneliness, which come when the strong voice is silent, the dear face is gone. Those are the days when Christ sees most clearly the cross of our need upon our foreheads, and comes to serve us with his love."

When the sun is eclipsed, the astronomer is able to see the fountains of glowing hydrogen that rise out of the inner substance of it, and project their splendors for thousands and thousands of miles beyond its surface. So when the light is shut out of our lives, there is often revealed a beauty we might not otherwise see. So we sing:

"Rather walking with Him by faith,
Than walking alone in the light."

The Alpine guide blindfolds the nervous traveler as they cross the terrible chasm. There is no danger, but to the unaccustomed eye it seems terrific. Thus our Heavenly Guide puts

the shadow of a hand across our vision. It shuts out the light that might blur and mar our faith.

"I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee."

Edison thus tells the story of the invention of the phonograph: "I was singing one day into the mouthpiece of a telephone when my finger touched a wire that pricked it. It suggested the idea of the phonograph, and I worked it out; but I had a good many burned fingers before it was completed." So under the biting acids character is crystallized, trouble has its remedial side, and sorrow is ever transmuted.

There is a new idea in developing pictures. It is that heat accelerates chemical action, and that a hot developing fluid makes a better negative. This is also true in the chemistry of life. Selfishness and carnality are burned out of the heart by the hot developer of affliction. And as the purest ore comes from the hottest furnace, so the noblest souls are refined in the hottest fires. Tribulation, affliction, and oppres-

sion are the alchemists by whom the dross is etherealized, the carnal spiritualized, and the baser metal is transmuted into pure gold.

When Michael Angelo had become blind and decrepit with age, he was led, morning by morning, into the museum of the Vatican, that he might delight his artistic sense by passing his hand over the wonderful torsos. It was the deprivation of sight that brought the cunning of the master hand into closer fellowship with the canvas and the marble. The developing process is not always easy. We shrink from the dark room with its biting acids and submerging process. But we must not judge before the time, only lie still until He traces all the lineaments, until all the features come out, until He brings to light the hidden things, and all will be made plain.

"Then let us strive and work and wait,
As those who see the open gate,
The glory in our night;
So that at last through Christ, the Way,
We, too, may tread the land of day,
Where God, the Lord, is Light."

Alone in the dark room! There are trials no one else can share, burdens we must bear

alone. Sometimes these are awful hours of darkness and gloom.

"How dark the night!
Nor light of moon or star;
E'en twilight shade
And hopeful shadow
Disappear, to sink afar
Into the blackness.

My eager eyes
Strain out amidst the gloom
To catch one line
Of wakening light
That, erstwhile rose to loom
Above the darkness.

But none appears!
O Thou, in whom nor shade
Nor darkness is,
Illume this earth-path,
Dim and tortuous grown,
With Thine own brightness!"

And so in our lives. At times it is pitch dark, every star in the sky of hope gone out. Then, when we are nearly exhausted, wearied, and worn, we see a shadow, a light, and we hear a voice out of the darkness. It says, "It is I." 'T is the Master. It is light, and we are safe.

"Dark the night, the snow is falling;
Through the storm are voices calling;
Guides mistaken and misleading,
Far from home, and help receding;
Vain is all those voices say!
Show me Thy way!

Blind am I, as those who guide me;
Let me feel Thee close beside me!
Come as light into my being!
Unto me be eyes, All-seeing!
Hear my heart's one wish, I pray!
Show me Thy way!

Thou must lead me, and none other,
Truest Lover, Friend, and Brother;
Thou art my soul's shelter, whether
Stars gleam out, or tempests gather;
In Thy presence night is day;
Show me Thy way."

The dark room shows the defects in the negative. The searching tests of affliction reveal to us how much of the old leaven of corruption is still hid in our hearts; how cold and gray are the ashes on the once burning altar of devotion and love; how the damp air of worldly conformity has rusted the once polished mirror that gave back the image of Jesus only; how the sight of evil has photographed its own dark likeness on our sensitive souls. O, there are many

humbling discoveries made of secret, unsuspected, unrepented sins; and the painful conviction forces itself slowly upon our minds that we have made less progress in the Christian life, that we are less spiritually minded, less meet for heaven, than we imagined! We are made a wonder and a grief to ourselves; and, with deep self-abasement and self-renunciation, we bow down at the foot of the cross.

"What in me is dark
Illumine."

The X-ray with its power is able to discover substances incased in a dark object. What secrets are revealed in the dark room! What the scalpel does in laying bare the secret workings of the human body, the light of God's truth does in exposing the secret life of the moral nature. What the X-rays are in revealing and photographing hidden dark objects, the eye of Almighty God is in discovering the thoughts and intents of the heart. In the flash-light of its piercing glance, all is disclosed, as in the light of his holiness and glory. Before it lies the whole moral nature, as an open book.

It analyzes the deepest thought, the subtlest intent, that lurks in the breast. It reaches into the region where the bosom of the soul heaves and the life of the spirit throbs. There is a soul inquisition. No rack or confession can exact the entire truth, but the searching light of God's eye brings it all out. Through "the peepholes of the sky" he looks down into men's hearts as they walk the secret places.

An experiment in photography was recently communicated to the Academy of Science. It attempted to photograph the beatings of the heart! Thus the Almighty photographs the thoughts, all the motives, intents, and feelings, and all the passing purposes. In an operation the heart was laid bare, and the surgeons could see its beating. So all things are laid bare before the Divine Surgeon. Sit still and let the Divine X-rays do their work. Don't flinch, but exclaim with the psalmist, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts."

"O Lord, my God, do then thy holy will,
I will lie still.
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm."

In photography, after requisite exposure, a faint image is secured; but it requires development, and this must take place under favorable circumstances. The light must be shut out. We ought to have a larger spirit of self-denial, to give up selfish aims, and to get away from the littleness of self-seeking. We should deny ourselves in service, spend and be spent. Yet how little the highest natures and the greatest sacrifices are understood! Men are so short-sighted, can not comprehend, and get so easily bewildered in the presence of real sacrifice. The X-rays reveal the fact that certain substances are more sensitive than others. So let us be tender and susceptible to the holy influences about us. Whitefield said: "I have just put my soul as a blank into the hands of Christ, my Redeemer, and desired him to write on it what he pleases. I know it will be his image."

By discovery in photography, light writes itself; that is, the light reflected from an object writes the object, by a mysterious process, upon the susceptible page that is exposed to it. So the light of God's truth may be reflected on our

lives, until we are able to see our image. Standing before it, we are absorbed, entranced, and are changed and transformed from glory to glory, into the Divine image; and it shines with a Divine splendor. Thus is God's purpose realized in our lives.

In the dark room we see the work of the chemical element. Just outside the spectrum, in the dark, there is one entirely insulated ray, called the chemical ray. It is this that unites the elements and touches the reflection, making it clear and permanent. So in the spiritual realm, prayer brings the mind to immediate contemplation of the truth, and holds it there, until, by comparison and aspiration, the proper association is formed; and by this subtle process and affinity it is rendered sensitive, and a true impression is made.

The photographic plate is prepared in the dark. So in darkened chambers of sorrow and on sick beds the Divine Photographer prepares our hearts for life's duties. David is in the cave at Adullam, Joseph in prison, Daniel at Babylon, Paul on the block, and the early Church in the

catacombs. One who had been an invalid for fifteen years wrote, "My heart keeps singing all the time." Another says:

> "I have no care, O Blessed Will,
> For all my cares are thine;
> I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
> Hast made thy triumph mine."

Helen Keller, who has been deaf, dumb, and blind from infancy, when asked what was the secret of her cheerfulness, wrote: "The keynote of my life is this: always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life, almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to 'blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers.'"

One day a skilled oculist said to a patient after a careful and studious examination of the eyes, "It is a cataract." The life was young, the future was bright, and now a shadow falls; but the heart was brave, and the faith clear and steadfast. Then came the dreary, weary days of waiting, the conflicting hopes and fears, the dreadful uncertainty, but, mid it all, calm trust. And then came the operation, the pain

and darkness; and then light and sight, hopes realized, prayers answered, and joy unbounded.

"The way is dark, my child, but leads to light;
I would not have thee always walk by sight.
My dealings now, thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom lead safely home
My child!"

"For a small moment have I forsaken thee,
But with great mercies will I gather thee."

Often dark clouds hover over us, and settle down about us. The leadings of our lives, and the providences overshadowing our steps, transcend our knowledge. An unseen Hand moves the pieces on the chess-board. Every enigma is not interpreted at once. When working out designs of unmingled love, God conceals the purposes of his grace. We can not always see the way, and the steps seem sharp and strange.

"O, heart of mine, be patient!
Some glad day,
With all life's puzzling problems
Solved for aye,
With all its storms and doubtings
Cleared away;
With all its storms and all its doubtings past,
It shall be thine to understand at last.

Be patient; some sweet day
The anxious care,
The fears and trials, and the
Hidden snare,
The grief that comes upon thee
Unaware,
Shall with the fleeting years be laid aside,
And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.

Be patient; keep thy life-work
Well in hand;
Be trustful where thou canst not
Understand;
Thy lot, whate'er it be, is
Wisely planned;
Whate'er its mysteries, God holds the key;
Thou well canst trust him, and bide patiently."

Christ my Savior went this very way!

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before."

Out in the desert he was sorely tempted. By the grave of Lazarus he wept. Under the shades of Gethsemane he sweat great drops of bloody sweat. On Calvary he cried, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done."

Death is the dark room through which we must pass to enter our Father's house. It is

not an easy thing to hear the physician say, "There is no hope." But if we put death in the right perspective, the view is not gloomy. Put along with it resurrection glory and heaven and eternity. Death is temporary, resurrection is eternal. Death is farewell and lamentation, the breaking up of plans, ghastly and heart-breaking. But resurrection is power, victory, triumph, reunion, and eternal fellowship. "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Let Christian faith sing her glad song of immortality:

"Some perfect day I shall not need
To bend my brows o'er baffling tasks;
Some perfect day my eyes will read
The meaning hid 'neath clouding masks;
Some perfect day my word and deed
Will fill the ideal my spirit asks.

Dear perfect day of days to me,
Which safe the steadfast heaven doth keep,
Deep filled with love and rest, for me,
Close pressed with sheaves I yet shall reap,
When they who watch beside me see
Only that I have fallen asleep."

Chapter XII

THE DEVELOPING LAMP

"Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ,
I might despair."

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

THE Bible is the lamp that sheds the light by which Christian character is developed. How do we look under the pure, white light of God's truth? It acts like a magnifying-glass to reveal all discrepancies. Under its rays all the imperfections come out, all the inaccuracies and inconsistencies are seen. The Bible is a reflection of the Divine glory. In it we see the majesty, the power, and the wisdom of God. It brings to bear on the hearts and lives of men all the effects of the Divine. It reflects the rays of the Godhead into the heart of the world. It concentrates and focalizes the light so we may behold it and enjoy its beauties. There is in Rome an elegant fresco by Guido, called "The Aurora." It covers the lofty ceiling of a beautiful hallway. But this difficulty was experienced in viewing it. The tourist, looking up at the picture from the pavement, found it grew wearisome. After a time the head would get dizzy, and the figures grow indistinct. Many would soon turn away. To avoid this difficulty, and

remedy it, the owner of the gallery placed a broad mirror near the floor, where the sight-seer may sit down and enjoy the fresco above by viewing the reflection. There is no weariness, no dizziness, no indistinctness, only delight and rapture, as all is plain in the mirror before them. So God has brought otherwise inaccessible light and truth to the world through His Word. In it we behold, as in a mirror, the glory, the truth, and the grace of God. It reflects the excellency of his heavenly character. The old monks had a superstitious notion that, if they would gaze constantly and intently upon the figure of Christ on the cross which was hung upon their cell wall, that marks of it would appear on their own bodies, the prints of the nails in their hands and feet, and the scar of the spear-gash in their side. We repudiate such a materialistic conception; but we do know that, if we gaze steadfastly into God's truth, the Christ life and spirit will be developed in ours, and we will reflect the Divine image. Charles Simeon kept the picture of Henry Martyn in his study, and the eye was ever upon him, and it seemed to say, "Be earnest; don't trifle, don't trifle!" So "whoso

looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, . . . this man shall be blessed in his deed."

What does the Bible teach? Not scientific truth, not philosophic speculation, nor poetic fancy; and yet it is the basis of all these, and their real source and their highest inspiration. The greatest dramatists, poets, authors, philosophers, and legislators acknowledge it as the source where they gathered their facts, kindled their fancy, formulated their theories, and composed their laws. They have gone up to its exalted heights, where the air was pure. They have drunk in its sweet melodies, and been inspired by its holy thoughts. They have plucked its flowers, breathed its fragrance, and admired its beauty. Its deep, fundamental principles are at the center of all society; they are the very core of the social fabric, and the laws of the kingdom it describes compass all the circumstances of life. The beautiful simplicity of its sayings, while they run counter to all human foibles and fancies, and thus make them unique, touch all with admiration. Its deep undercurrents of power reach all the sources of life, and

draw all men unto it. It comes into our lives because it possesses the power which reduces the most complex idea into its elements, which traces causes to their first principles, and by the power of generalization and combination unites the whole into one harmonious system. It explains the principles of life and living, and makes the world around us real. It raises the astronomer from being a mere star-gazer to the high intellectual eminence of a Newton or a Laplace. Under its inspiration they are changed from being mere observers of isolated facts into originators of a noble science or a system of the universe, like a Galileo or a Bacon. Under its light, cycles and centuries, arithmetic and geometry, are no longer mere figures, but systems and demonstrations of a positive creation and of a mighty universe. Here we see its value as a guide. The agnostic goes over the realms of space, but comes back without a God. He looks up into the starry heavens, but sees no Divine Hand. He climbs the mountain-peaks, but does not see Infinity. But the Christian, with this torch in hand, ascends all these heights, and they glow with a Divine radiance. It illuminates

the world. Doubt is a poor substitute for it. It does not help us sail distant seas. It does not keep us out of the rapids. It overcasts the sky. It makes an iron pillow for the head. It makes the light darkness. Cast away doubt. William Dean Howells says:

"If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?"

United States Minister Conger is quoted as saying that, during the siege of Peking, the only man who utterly broke down and helplessly despaired was the French minister, who was an avowed and boastful Atheist. All the others were believers in God, and they were sustained and felt that somehow deliverance would come. So while many other theories are advanced, and misleading lights flash about us, we will reject them all.

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assail his faith with treacherous art,
He 'll call them vanities and lies,
And bind the Bible to his heart."

We ought to be students of God's truth. The scholar takes his lamp and goes into the quiet place. The artist lets the light fall aslant upon the model, so as to have the best effects and reveal most perfectly the features. The photographer takes the "candle lamp" and goes into the dark room to produce the negative. Thus, with Bible in hand, we should go into the secret place, and, alone with its light, get positive results. Get at the records, put some finger-marks upon them, interline your experiences, group its promises, memorize its precepts, get a better grip on its truths, and give it a larger place in the life. Let it light your souls and mark them with heavenly light, and reveal their secrets and feelings.

"Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true and only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar in my heart, appear."

What marvels have been wrought under its development! Under its steady blaze the image of the Divine has been brought out in lives obscure and comparatively unknown. Lives black-

ened and scarred by sin have been purified and ennobled by its power. What a mighty factor it has been in the emancipation of the world! It has touched nations into new life. Kings and queens have acknowledged it as the source of their greatness. Its diffusive rays have spread civilization and commerce around the globe. Thoughts and motives have been quickened, and intellectual life has been aroused, which would otherwise have lain dormant. The present advancement in art and science is the resultant of its inspiration. Its heroism and devotion have produced the scenes which, painted, fill the galleries of the world. Its Madonna and Child have been chiseled in marble in every age and clime. Poetry and literature are full of its teachings, and great volumes and mighty folios have been written to explain it, while whole libraries are devoted to its doctrines.

"Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light."

Its translation by Wyclif awoke all Europe from its lethargy, revived the spirit of learning,

and broke the bondage of ignorance and superstition. It has dissolved the worse than iron bands that bound the human intellect. By representing men as children of the same Father, possessors of the same faculties, purchased by the same redemption, and heirs of the same immortality, it proclaims the manumission of the race, and says to every human being, "Be free." It stirred the spirit of Luther, and thus gave birth to the Reformation. A false system had corrupted and degraded Christianity. Its features had been concealed and caricatured until they were marred and distorted, and were a wretched burlesque. The Church was under a tyranny. Its servants had become mountebanks, dealers in relics, sanctioning gross impostures and the iniquitous practice of indulgences. The Word of God was hidden, and its pages unknown to the people. In the cloister at Erfurt was a student. He beheld and shrank from the profligacies of the monks. He witnessed the priestly despotism, sacerdotal uncleanness, and monkish frauds. Amid its walls he heard the echoes of long-stifled truth. His great heart beat against the restraint of confinement, like a captive bird

against the wires of its cage. He was not contented to be shut up in a monastery. He found a book in the library. It was the Bible. It was a herald of light. It opened a new world, a world of spiritual truth. The scales fell from his eyes. The manacles that bound his heart were broken. "The just shall live by faith" was the germ that emancipated his life and supplied him with a fulcrum with which he ultimately shook the papacy to its center. In an old wooden chapel, from a pulpit made of planks three feet high, the first sermon of the Reformation was preached. It was a storm-burst of cyclonic power. It made an era, marked a cycle. This trumpet-tongued hero-priest spoke the knell of papal supremacy and priestly craft. It aroused the bitterest opposition. Bulls were fulminated against him, and anathemas fell upon his head; but he quailed not, and did not falter. When summoned to the Diet, and urged not to go, he replied, "To Worms I will go if there are as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses." When arraigned for his utterances, he calmly said, "I will not recant." This Augustinian monk, whose moral grandeur dims the luster and diminishes

the greatness of the world's heroes and kings, was the product of the Bible and the Reformation, by which came the enfranchisement of human thought and conscience, and the breaking of the bonds of ecclesiastical tyranny and dominion was its fruit. What heroic, self-sacrificing characters it has developed! Its witnesses have been ready in all ages to seal their testimony with their blood. Its martyrs knew how to brave death and all the horrors of persecution. They bore the tortures of the thumbscrews without a murmur, laid their heads upon the block joyfully, and trod the scaffold with kingly step. How marvelously it has been preserved! Iconoclastic penknives, like the king of old, have sought to cut out its pages by piecemeal, and thus destroy the blending of colors in this beautiful mosaic, but all in vain. Not a book or page of its record but has undergone the most critical and searching investigation. By its friends it has been carefully compiled and closely scrutinized to prevent inaccuracies. By this process it has been kept pure and free from corruption. No new element could be introduced, as it has been jealously watched and guarded. It has been conned

and learned by the multitude. The love of the saints has kept it inviolate. Then, it has been tested in the crucible of persecution. It has literally passed through the fire. It has endured ordeals such as no other book. Against it have been hurled the assaults of skepticism. Wit, satire, ridicule, blasphemy, and edicts have all united to overthrow it. But it has come forth like gold tried in the fire. Time tests all things. Much that is good fades out. But this Book never grows old.

"Time writes no wrinkle on its brow."

The fires of time have burned up many volumes of great erudition and choice literature. Many books do not live a generation. But not so with the imperishable Oracles of Divine truth. It is like a cube of granite. It stands forever. It is enduring and abiding. The Jew neglected it; but it endured until the Shekinah forsook the temple and Jerusalem was destroyed, and he hath no abiding city. The Greek derided it; but it has seen his philosophy become effete and the Acropolis in ruins. The Roman flung it to the flames; but it has conquered his eagle ensigns,

and is more enduring than the seven hills. It is an inexhaustible light. Other lights grow dim, but it increases in splendor. What treasures, what depths in the Bible! Who can fathom it? Each time we dig we find new truths. Each page opens new beauties. It is a fount that never runs dry, a perennial spring, an artesian well. It throws a friendly ray on every possible pathway of man. Its beams will be widely disseminated, and will shine on until all the world shall rejoice in its light. It is the Book God gives me to hold before my feet as I walk life's highway.

> "The steps of faith fall on the seeming air,
> They find the Rock beneath."

It illuminates the valley of the shadow of death, and flings its beams of splendor to the golden gates of the Celestial City. It betokens the coming day. Out into the world's bleakest night it throws a lighted torch. It is the angel of the morning, the white-winged evangel of Hope. It rolls away the stone from the sepulcher, lifts the curtain that hides immortality, and Christ, in his resurrection power, stands before us. It guides to another life.

Chapter XIII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

"For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear."

"Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world."

"PAINT me a picture without shadows," said some one to an artist. "If I did, there would be no features," was the reply. As in the portrait there must be a proper blending of light and shade, so amid life's actualities, lights and shadows alternate; they both must go in to complete the picture. In the background of our joys lie our sorrows, to set them out in bold relief. Pain is mingled with pleasure, and "every rose has its thorn."

> "For care and trouble set our thought
> Even when our end 's attained,
> And all our plans may come to naught,
> When every nerve is strained."

The skillful artist, in making a good portrait, finds it necessary to use the dark and bright colors alternately; so the Divine Artist dips his pencil by turns in Marahs and Elims,—Marahs first, in dark, black background; then Elims, to

relieve the blackness, as with the colors of the rainbow.

"Not through Glory's myrtle arches,
Nor by grand triumphal marches,
But by pathways sad and dreary,
And with footsteps worn and weary."

The way to a throne for Joseph was through prison, the way to a crown for Paul was an executioner's block, and the way to glory for Christ was Gethsemane and Calvary. The Master endured the agony of Gethsemane, and drank its cup of bitterness, and walked up to Calvary to have its nails pierce his hands. He was mocked, spit upon, crowned with thorns, and crucified between thieves.

"The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death;
The sunset in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow him,
That he who gave man breath might know
The very depths of human woe.
He proved them all,—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gathered round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, the cup away;

It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die."

Thus we must face life's conflicts and bear its burdens. How often the wind is contrary! It blows right in our teeth. We toil at the oars, while the gales of affliction and winds of adversity blow about us.

"There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm." So out of the storm Christ comes, to still the waves and guide our boat to shore. Life is a weary land. It is full of heartaches, of pains and sorrows. There is a rush of temptations, and the wind, cold and raw, bleak and drear, whistles about our path, and we shiver and shake. Our feet are weary with journeying, and our hands are tired with toiling. Tired, O so tired, footsore, and weary! "There is a gravel in almost every shoe." There are faces seamed with care, and burdened hearts for whom life's tasks seem too heavy, and shoulders that are bending under the weights put upon them.

"There never was a life so pure and bright
But had a care."

There are sick ones, tossed on beds of pain and anguish, who cry out, "I am weary with my groaning, and I water my couch with my tears." There are tear-stained cheeks, and bedimmed eyes weary with weeping, because hearthstones are desolate, loved ones are gone, and hopes are all buried beneath the sod. Coffins glide into our homes on the brightest days of all the year, and shadow them forever. Death breaks into the house, and takes the mother of the little babe, the young man in the pride of youth, or the young maiden in the bloom of womanhood. The goal is shrouded, and we are clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and drink the cup of gall and bitterness. Then we see life's outcasts, the neglected ones, alone in the world,—"No man careth for my soul,"—lonely and friendless and helpless, adrift, having made failures and mistakes, stranded and wrecked and scarred and mangled, crying out with pain, with broken constitutions and ruined characters.

And then nature joins in the carnival of destruction. Cities are devastated by conflagration; cyclones plow a furrow of death through a crowded population; a great ship goes down in

midocean; the flood overwhelms a city, and thousands are drowned,—until we ask, "Is there a God? and if so, where is he?" He looks on with merciless repose, or so it seems to our blinded vision. He appears to hide himself in some cave of reserve, so absolutely still are his footsteps. We are bewildered among the cross lights of Providence, like a stranger in a railroad yard, surrounded by a hundred flashing lights, perplexed because he does not understand the signals. But whatever anomalies Providence may present, whatever seeming contradictions to our imperfect vision or uninformed understanding, we know that there is a great Being up above the sun and beyond the stars, the Infinite One, who is behind all power, and back of all causes, who sits alone on his throne, and he is our Father, and he loves us.

President Lincoln telegraphed to Governor Yates when he was impatient and was pressing an unwise step upon him, "Stand still, Dick, and see the salvation of God." Life's mosaics fit into each other. They interlap and intertwine, and thus are unified and united, and blend and harmonize, and make a completed whole. There is

a diversity of action and movement, yet all working to the same end. Like the wheels of a clock, some go one way and some another; yet they tick out accurately the moments of time. You are sitting in the auditorium before the concert begins. On the stage are one hundred orchestral performers, and each has a separate and distinct instrument, and they are all tuning up. What a clatter, what a tumult, what a discord, and how tedious the waiting! But the hour comes, and the leader stands before them. Now all is silence. Then, with a wave of the hand, they begin, every instrument in tune, each separate instrument playing its distinct part, yet all harmonize. There is the sweetest melody mingling and commingling, blending and harmonizing all together, as they sweep onward in the magnificent oratorio of "The Creation." You are entranced. All the air is resonant with melody, and it fills all the room. You see now the purpose of the tuning up. Thus sometimes the heartstrings and tones of life are touched by fingers that seem rude, and the notes are harsh and discordant. But under the wand of the Master Musician, all will be blended into the sweetest melody.

A traveler tells of the baptistery of the cathedral at Pisa. It has a wonderful dome, spacious, symmetrical, and composed of the choicest marble. It is a delight to look at its beauties. As he viewed it one April day, suddenly the air became instinct with melody. The great dome seemed full of harmony, the waves of music vibrated to and fro, beating against the walls, swelling into full chords like the roll of a grand organ, and then dying away into soft, long-drawn, far-receding echoes, melting in the distance into silence. What caused it? The guide who had lingered behind had softly murmured a chord. The dome had caught it, and there was nothing but symphony there. No discord can reach it. Every noise of stamping feet, the slamming of seats, and the murmur of the busy crowd, is caught, softened, harmonized, and echoed back as sweet music. So life has its dome of Providence. In it, all sickness and affliction, grief and loss, are harmonized, softened, blended into harmony, and sent back to us, echoing like the sweetest music of heaven.

They tell in mythology of Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance; lame, but of colossal stature. With her huge left hand she grasps her victim,

while with the other she holds aloft the unsheathed sword to destroy. Nemesis! How terribly true in life! "Be sure your sin will find you out."

But there is another side. If we have brought all our mistakes and follies, all our sins and wrongs, to Christ for pardon and forgiveness, we need not fear a revenging fate. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." To such there is no Nemesis.

We see a traveler at the base of some mountain-peak. Its heights seem so inaccessible, so rugged and steep. A guide-board says, "This way to the summit." He follows the path, but how strange it goes! For a little while it goes upward, then turns off in another direction. What a zigzag way it is! But he follows it onward, and still upward, until he reaches the summit at last. Then from the heights he looks down upon the toilsome way, and is able to see all the difficulties it overcame by its circuitous route. Thus we are now climbing up life's toilsome way, and treading its winding path. But some day from the summit, amid the glories of

immortality, we shall look back over the vicissitudes of life, and see the upward way that led us safely home. How the light blends with the shadows! It is a bright, summer day, but a stormcloud gathers, and black clouds rise above the horizon. We see the lightning flash, we hear the low muttering of the distant thunder. Now the rain pours in a torrent, and the world is flooded. But the clouds lift, the sun is shining again, the grass grows, and the flowers spring. Such is our life. Winter comes with its cold, chilly blast, its piercing winds, its blizzards, and its snowdrifts hiding all the face of nature, and the ice-king holds high carnival. But springtime rains melt the snow and ice, and the bright sunshine warms the earth again, and summer comes with its fruitage. It is so like life's experiences that we sing:

"Light after darkness,
Sun after rain;
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain."

We are liable to take shortsighted, or one-sided views of life. The Washington Monument, although much higher, does not give as

good a view of the city of Washington as the dome of the Capitol. The reason is that it is at one side, while the Capitol is in the center. From the Capitol all the streets and avenues radiate, and from its dome you can understand the plan of the city. So we sometimes view life's problems sidewise, and thus the shadows come out; but from the radiating center we can see the plan complete. Hope and cheerfulness are helpful. Noble courage dispels the gloomy feeling, and casts out the desponding spirit.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care."

Some of the very best pictures are made by printing in the shade. When they have what is called a "weak" negative, and wish to bring out all its good points at their best, photographers always print the picture where the sunshine does not fall directly upon the negative, or else place an artificial shade between the sun and negative, to temper the effect of the heat from the rays. It requires a much longer period to make the print in the shade than it does to make one in

the sunshine; but the difference in the beauty and quality of such a picture amply repays for the time of waiting. When the sunlight is too strong on a negative, in printing, the picture will often be blistered and blurred, and the entire work be unsatisfactory; for whenever there is a blemish on the negative, it will show in the print. So we are called to sit in the shadow because the light might blind us. The scorching rays of prosperity would wither and blight us. Then in the shadowy places we patiently wait the slower development, which, when finished, will give a clear and true picture of a well-spent life. We are what we are and where we are in God's providential arrangement, and his hand holds and his eye watches.

"Amid the trials which I meet,
Amid the thorns that press my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me."

We should not chafe under trials. Rather be like an Æolian harp. The breath of the tempest only makes it give forth sweetest music, and the more the tumult of the storm, the louder its notes of music. The oak bows itself to the storm and

sinks its roots deeper in the earth. It could have no ruggedness without it. The natives of summer climes are indolent and lack ambition. A dove wished there was no wind, as it ruffled her feathers, but if her wish had been granted she could not fly. So it is better to face the storm. We may get good out of these difficulties. Like honey out of the rock, the hardest experiences produce the sweetest results, and the flinty rock of trial is a regular honeycomb. The rough places are made memorial stones, the stony pillow is changed to a pillar, a milestone to indicate progress.

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

The South Cape of Africa was formerly known as the Cape of Tempests. But a Portuguese sailor, having discovered a safe passage around it, gave it a new name. Since then it has been called "The Cape of Good Hope."

A genuine faith lifts above the bitterness of grief, and in the darkest hour it is unspeakably consoling. When Tennyson lost by death his dear friend Hallam, he did not simply sit down

and weep. He took up his harp, and, looking towards the immortal realm, he gave to the world the richest, sweetest music to heal its sorrow and point to a glad immortality. So he says:

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

Chapter XIV

BLUE PRINTS

"God must like common people, or he would not have made so many."

"When much is given, there much shall be required;
When little, less."

"The trivial round, the common task."

HOW much of pathos there is in life, a wearied struggle against adverse circumstances, the rising of aspirations that have never been gratified, the battling against environments that constantly chafe the soul! You wanted an education, but the family purse was empty, and you must needs go out to daily toil, to labor for the meat that perisheth, and to help swell the exchequer. You wanted to travel and see foreign lands, and explore historic spots; but you have never gotten away from home, and have seen nothing of this world but the blue sky above you and the little circle of country about your native heath. Thus there are lives hedged in by the circumstances of toil. There are hearts that would have beaten responsively to the world's sweetest music, who have had to sing one little sonnet, and make all the music themselves that has ever reached their ears—lives that are simply blue prints. But let us look at this matter a little. The blue print is useful,

after all. It has a large place in life. Some one says that the Divine order is

> "First the true, and then the beautiful;
> Not first the beautiful, and then the true."

Over in Scotland, when they widened the North Bridge of Edinburgh, they discovered a strange marvel. Down in one of the vaults they found a most wonderful cave of snow-white stalactites. The secret of it was this. The rain percolating through the roof had carried with it the lime in the cement, and by a slow, silent process, it transformed the gloomy vault into a fairy scene; and there it was, down under the common roadway, a thing of beauty far down under the tread of busy feet. So there are lives far from the busy scenes of trade following the treadmill of an accustomed round of duties and patiently discharging the common tasks that are being beautified and ennobled by the process. How much there is of the commonplace and homespun! Life is full of unassuming duties.

> "Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees it close;
> Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

The chalk cliffs that rear their towering heads thousands of feet above the dashing waves of the billowy sea are made up of the minute skeletons of microscopic animalculæ. So likewise many lives are made up of minor incidents, trivial duties, and small tasks. Homespun—that is, the coarse fiber of the rude, crude home manufactory—homespun ways, homespun duties, homespun religion, are valuable because they wear well, stand the brunt, and are very useful. They have discovered a process by which they can manufacture artificial fuel. It is to be made from rubbish and refuse. They will use cornstalks, weeds, grass, hay, leaves, and other herbage and vegetable substances, together with asphaltum oil and other liquids; and out of this composite mass they are to make a fuel to generate heat, and supply the forces that will move and bless the world. So the great Alchemist takes our lives, made up of drudgery and toil, of briers and thorns, of cares and sorrows, of tumults and fears, of trivial commonplaces, and he makes them shine and blaze with power and influence. With God they cease to be common.

"All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be mean
Which with his tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine."

Faithful in the least is God's order. The most serviceable thing, after all, and about which we should concern ourselves the most, is just every-day living, the common duty of every hour. The round of service in this lowly, uneventful life of ours for every day is going to make the warp and woof of eternity. Sometimes we clamor like the child who was repeating the Lord's Prayer, clause by clause, after her mother, and when the mother said, "Give us this day our daily bread," the child cried, "No, no; me want cake." So we are not always willing to take the manna our Heavenly Father provides, but long for the fleshpots of Egypt. We should remember that the way up is usually to go down in gentleness and humility.

"Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

A touching story is told of a blind prince who heard of a rare flower that restored sight to the blind. He said to his slave, "Get it for me, and I will give you half of my treasures, and you shall marry my daughter." So he went out and ranged over the hills until he had gathered a sack full of flowers. The prince took them one by one, and passed them over his eyes, but it was no good. Then by merest accident he touched to his eyes a sandal the slave had worn in his search, and at once his sight was restored. The flower he had sought had been trampled under his feet. Thus we range the fields of literature and poetry, we pluck the bright flowers of art and science, we hold the treasures of wealth, of money and gold, yet withal we do not find healing or rest or satisfaction. But if we stoop to some lowly service, lo, it comes! The greatest blessings of our lives may be in the things we are trampling under our feet.

"The roots of fairest bloom lie sometimes hidden
The deepest underneath the soil; the stones
Of purest crystal are from gloomiest mines;
The tenderest pearls are won from roughest seas;
And stars of colors dipped in iris vats
Beam from unfathomable distances,
Ere they disclose their radiance."

Underneath the most threadbare coat there may be a generous heart, and although the language may be rude, yet it may be the expression of a thought which touches hidden springs of feeling and awakens kindred emotions in the minds of others. Gales may lash the ocean into foam and dash the wild waves high; but the strength of the ocean is in the undercurrents, deep and still. The storm stirs only the surface. It does not touch the depths.

> "Below the surface stream, shallow and light,
> Of what we say we feel—below the stream
> Of what we think we feel—there flows
> With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
> The central stream of what we feel indeed."

There are submerged lives with strong undercurents of being hidden beneath the surface, and, after all, it is this quiet influence that is moving the world of thought. Much that is gorgeous and grand and elegant is only ephemeral. It fades out, but the real abides. Truth makes silent progress, like the water that trickles behind the rocks and loosens them, so that some day there is a mountain slide, and a single hour lays bare the work of years.

How much of life's work has been done under disadvantages by men and women who were

hampered in the struggle! Sometimes the highest inspiration is that of necessity, "the must power." The very desperateness of our condition is the best spur to heroic endeavor. The pressure of circumstances is so emergent and critical that surpassing effort must be made. An American soldier in the Philippines had cut his way out of a squad of bolomen who had taken him prisoner. His captain asked him "how he could possibly do it." He replied, "I do n't know, sir, except I just had to." And thus the strenuous effort achieves pre-eminent success. Physical infirmities and deformities have been overcome. The great Apostle to the Gentiles had a thorn in the flesh. Byron was clubfooted. Samuel Johnson was disfigured, and Walter Scott was a pining child. Isaac Newton might have been put in a quart-pot when born. Lord Nelson, Sir Christopher Wren, and Isaac Watts were not physically strong. The latter was a mere pigmy. One day he overheard some people talking about him and sneering at his size, and he composed in verse an answer to them:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind 's the stature of the man."

Alexander Stephens, "The Little Giant," was not physically large. One day he was sitting on the platform near his opponent, with whom he was to debate. His personal appearance excited the disgust of the other, who was of large physical proportions, and he tauntingly said, "Why, I could swallow you." Without hesitation Stephens facetiously replied, "If you did, you would have more brains in your stomach than in your head." Neither does success lie "in titles nor in rank." "Vulgar mediocrity and churl's blood" are no bar. Frequently the cast-off cognomen of some dead ancestor and historic celebrity is only a ghostly index-finger pointing to the past. There are pathways to success along which the barefoot boy may tread.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,—
> A breath can make them as a breath has made,—
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

The common life has been beautified in Millet's "The Angelus," so full of sentiment, bringing out the beauty of landscape and the stillness and sacredness of thought in the figures repre-

sented. The painter was himself by birth a peasant, and here he teaches the deep lessons of this simple life. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." When the Almighty would teach the Prophet Elijah this great lesson, he caused a great and strong wind that rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks. But the Lord was not in the wind. Then came the earthquake, with its mighty convulsions, and after that the fire. But he was in neither of them. Then came the still small voice. Thus he speaks in the quiet influences of to-day. What great results have been accomplished by the feeblest instruments and by inconsiderable means, by what we are inclined to call trifles, although it has been truthfully said, "There are no trifles in the moral universe of God." Divine revelation lays great stress on little things. More value is given to quality than to quantity. The question is not "How much?" but "How?" On its pages the lives of two lowly shepherd boys are given in much detail, until one becomes the Lord of Egypt, and the other the Singing King of Israel. The trivial events of their lives are magnified, for upon them hinges

destiny. Upon the flight of a stone from a sling, or the nodding sheaves in a dream, turn the after events of their lives. So also the little maid is the heroine of a general's restoration from leprosy, and a little lad the means of a great multitude being fed. The widow's two mites are worthy of commendation by the Master, and the breaking of an alabaster box of ointment is a fitting memorial to be spoken of wherever the gospel is preached. Wordsworth says:

"Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun."

Great events have resulted from little causes. Empty pitchers, and lamps within them, put the Midianite army to flight, and rams'-horns battered down the walls of Jericho. The cackling of geese is said to have changed the fate of an ancient city. We have read somewhere of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot

of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor.

"A pebble in a brooklet scant
Has turned the course of many a river."

We often shrink from the ordinary humble duties of life, and we say, "Give me something great." Pride rebels, and we say, "Why make me sweep and dust?" Yet out of these come the larger duties, and from these spring the finished results. The beautiful butterfly is developed from the chrysalis of the worm that crawls. A rude cradle often rocks a noble and lordly life. It needs, like the diamond, only to be smoothed and polished, to gleam and glow with a marvelous beauty. We think of the lowly life of the Nazarene, of the life of retirement at Nazareth. Nazareth lay among the hills of Judea. It was reached by a narrow, steep, and rough mountain pathway, over which the villagers brought their harvests from the plains below. Their streets were narrow and dirty, their people were rude and coarse, and their morality doubtful. Yet there Christ lived and toiled for thirty years. He

climbed its mountain-path, and drank at its springs and fountains. There, as a boy, he played and wandered about. He was a peasant's son. His parents were plain, ordinary, humble Jewish folks, without either rank or wealth. Joseph was a Galilean artisan, and he was "the carpenter's son." He labored for his daily bread at a work-bench, and thus sanctified toil, and made it ever blessed. He was trained in this lowly life for his great responsibilities, that he might be an example to others.

"What is the meaning of my daily life,
Its drudgery, its endless, petty strife?
O, deadly certainty of common things!
O, hours with heavy, lagging wings!

Do thou, O Carpenter of Galilee,
Teach me thy secret; let me learn of thee;
Send visions of those days when thou didst share
The lot of working man, his trials bear.

Help me to feel that thou dost work with me
In earthly tasks, in heavenly I with thee;
And yet, dear Lord, with thee is always heaven,—
I see my common lot hath blessed leaven."

Chapter XV

DEFECTIVE NEGATIVES

"MEN say that life's high hope is vain;
That one force holds the heart,—the hope of gain."

"And fell among thieves."

WHAT have we here? Ah, some choice views, some bits of scenery, and a familiar face. But, alas! the pictures are blurred. There is a defect in the negative, the visage is marred, and the beauty is spoiled. The regrets are many, and tears may fall, but they do not wash it out. The explanation may be at hand, the cause may be discovered, but the defect remains. Defective negatives. We are about to write some pages for this book that we wish we might leave out, but it can not be if it is to be a true record of life's photographs. It is said in a French picture-gallery there are no pictures of battle-scenes, but those of French victories. But this is not true to history. Where are Sedan, Waterloo, and Metz? There are spots on the sun, and the chemical spectrum reveals them, and the telescope magnifies them, until they stand out prominently. Life's deeds and records are blotted. These pictures must go in. The pages of history, the rise and fall of

nations, the defacement of moral character, the deterioration of the intellect, and the dethronement of the principles of right and justice, all show how man is prone to reject the watchwords of truth and honesty, and thus become robbed of the true elements of manhood.

Nations and empires, thrones and dynasties, which have towered in greatness, have fallen a prey to their own pernicious influences, bowed their proud heads in the dust, and gone down with the wrecks of time. Greece, the glory of ancient literature, and the pride of architecture, with her deathless triumphs of genius, yielded to the vices and immoralities of her age. Rome, the beauty of the seven hills, the proud mistress of the world, whose command nations obeyed and at whose mandate empires trembled, fell, not in a day, but nevertheless did fall, by the corrupting influences of her licentiousness and sensuality. Men mighty in erudition and learning, high in the council chambers of State, men who graced the halls of learning and philosophy, or adorned the pulpit and the bar, or sat in editorial chairs, have fallen low, become depraved, vile, and corrupt, loathsome as unclean vultures, and

been smitten like blinded Samsons. The roads to Jericho are crowded, and men are still falling among thieves. The worst of it is, that the fate of one does not seem to deter the others. They crowd right over each other in their eager haste, stumbling right into the mouth of the pit over the prostrate form of a brother, running, like the swine into whom the devils entered, violently down a steep place to speedy destruction, unheeding the sign of danger, stopping their ears to all calls of warning, closing their eyes to the beckoning signs of friendly interposition. They are fascinated and lured astray. Men are taking chances all the time. In the river just above the falls of Niagara, on a rock, is a large sign, advertising a local firm. Inquiring of the guard how it came to be placed there, he said one winter there was an ice-gorge, and the firm gave a man a dollar to put it up. It was a warm day, and there was every sign of the ice breaking up, and floating out over the precipice. He was warned not to undertake it, but he ventured. Scarcely had he returned to shore again when the great mass cracked and crumbled, and went crashing over the falls to the depths below. Thus men

are taking chances in life, running desperate risks.

Captain Webb, who swam the Whirlpool Rapids, said, "I know I take a great risk, but I will come out all right;" and he took the chance once too often. You can not play with the fire, and not be burned. The thirst for riches and the greed for gain often override all moral considerations. The unhallowed lust for wealth stifles convictions of right. Men throw prudence to the winds, run risks, and seek, by adroit movements and brazen effrontery, to win success. They are speculating in futures. They sell their morality for pelf, their birthright for pottage, and barter their immortal destiny for the things of time. Many seek popularity at the expense of principle, and choose policy rather than right. Wolsey, fallen, said, "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, he would not have left me in my old age."

> "Who put in popularity their trust,
> But write in water and but limn the dust."

Such mercenary methods bias the mind and deprave the heart. They are pernicious in their

influence, ruining in their effects. The result is a dethronement of all that is rational, and a perversion of all that is moral. Shun such influences as you would the miasma whose breath is poison, and the viper whose sting is death. Such chicanery will blunt the sensibilities, render obtuse the power of discriminating between right and wrong, and end in poignant remorse. Listen to none but the supreme oracle, Conscience.

> "It 's slightest touches instant pause,
> Debar all side pretenses,
> And resolutely keep its laws,
> Uncaring consequences."

So many profess to believe that the avenues to recognition and preferment are closed, barred with gates whose locks respond only to golden keys. We see everywhere Crœsuses with shriveled souls, but corpulent purses. A miser was tottering along the streets of New York at eighty years of age. A friend asked, "How are you?" And he replied, "I am better, stocks are up." An Apache Indian was asked to attend the daily classes. He replied, "Me go for two dollars an hour." The one is the prototype of the other. Thus thousands are making mere worldly pros-

perity their aspiration of life, and so are prone to secure wealth without conscience. To all such Mr. Astor's dying statement, written with his own hand, ought to come with pungent emphasis: "My life has been a failure." Against such a course God thunders his severest anathemas, and secular history, as well as sacred, writes its doom. Gehazi, for insatiable greed, secured incurable leprosy, and Judas a rope and everlasting infamy. What blunders and mistakes men have made! One of the most frightful records of history is the bloody pages of the French Revolution. Pretending to be a struggle for freedom, it made shipwreck of it. Its promoters became abettors of despotism, denying to others the liberty they claimed for themselves. Passions, as if ignited from some spark below, blazed out through Paris as through the orifice of a volcano, and poured their scorching hot lava over all that was beautiful and bright. Political liberty was trampled in the dust, and gave place to the most absolute despotism. Christianity was trampled down amid the triumphant orgies of a foul-mouthed atheism. Men apostatized from God, became the victims of every false hal-

lucination, and were given over to ignorance and superstition.

"They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wrecks of old opinions, things which grew
Breathed from the breath of time; the veil they rent!
And what behind this lay all earth shall view;
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins."

The Bible reveals the revelry of Belshazzar, which led to his overthrow, and the poet has also described it:

"A thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood;
Wild dancers are there and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowd all shout, while the vast roofs ring,
All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar, the king!"

Ah! we can find just such pictures everywhere,—lives wrecked and ruined, stained reputations, bloated faces, weakened wills, dazed minds, and crushed hearts. If you take from the pavement enough dust to cover the point of a penknife, and insert it into the arm of a child, in a week it will be dead. So some sip at pleasure's cup, ever so little, only to introduce the fatal

element, that will never cease its work until the moral nature is destroyed. There are social whirlpools and Niagaras; social customs, that mark the forehead with the hard hoof of debauchery; social evils, that result in perverted lives, and wanton lust, and the acceptance of an unhallowed love. Here is the young maiden, coy and winsome, who has heard the voice of love, and she cons its notes, but hides her secret, and then her base betrayer decoys her into the haunts of evil and the coarse debauch, where vows are broken, her golden locks of purity are clipped, and she is as helpless as a babe in the hands of the enemies of her soul. The charge on sin's turnpike is a terrible toll. Jonah paid the fare to Tarshish, but it cost him more to get back. In some of our modern expositions, where strange sights and scenes are on exhibition on the Midways, it is a common method of the spoilers persuasively to announce, "It is free in the lobby." And so on life's highways the first steps of vice and wrong are easily taken; but O, the awful cost to purity and honor before the steps can be retraced! "Be sure your sin will find you out." Its defect shows on the negative.

Secret sins are like the blood-stains on Lady Macbeth's hands: they will not wash out. Like the fabled shirt of Nessus, the poisoned garment ate away the muscles of the victim in his vain attempt to rid himself of it. So sin scourges those under its lash. It burns like a hot sirocco, it stings like an adder, it poisons like an asp. It rushes its victim towards the precipice of destruction and the thundering Niagara of his doom, an immortality of pain and tears and despair. What an awful cost!—burning tears, hot and bitter, harrowing fears, festering griefs, corroding cares, shooting pains, and piercing remorse. Broken hearts, ghastly memories, graveyards of buried hopes, wasted energies, physical disabilities, fleet-footed coursers hurry the victim down the declivity of excess to a premature grave and eternal loss. The sighs and moans of the lazar-house, reeking with putrefaction and death, the shrieking and wailing and the clanking chains of maniacs, and the curses and blasphemy of the dungeon cells, all reveal the awful truths of its retribution and shame. It is like a Damascus blade; it cuts both ways. Like a sword of fate, it smites and pierces. Cain's mark

made him a fugitive. Achan's wedge of gold proved disastrous, and caused defeat. Ahab's and Jezebel's blood was licked by the dogs on the spot of their crime; and Ananias and Sapphira were carried to early graves, smitten by the Holy Ghost, to whom they lied. Lord Byron passed away at thirty-five, sadly singing,

"My days are in the yellow leaf."

Benedict Arnold was the tool of the British; but they despised him for it; and Judas felt the scorn of the rulers when they said, "What is that to us?" The modern seducer who seeks his victim,

"With smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace
A devil's purpose, with an angel's face,"

degenerates into licentiousness, becomes venal, and in the end sells himself. Sin is an unnatural prodigy, the spurious offspring of lust. Nip it in the bud.

"Arise and burst the slimy charms of fashion,
Let the false worldling scorn thee if he will;
Rise sunlike o'er the storms of worldly passion,
And stem with fearless breast the tide of ill!
Success shall crown each arduous endeavor,
And from the strife thy soul rise great and free,
And deeds give birth to deeds that roll forever,
Wave after wave, o'er time's grand, azure sea."

Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," depicts the sad story of the marred image. He pictures "the evil diversity, and terrible stamp of various degradation; features seamed by sickness, dimmed by sensuality, convulsed by passion, pinched by poverty, shadowed by sorrow, branded with remorse; bodies consumed with sloth, broken down by labor, tortured by disease, dishonored in foul uses; intellects without power, hearts without hope, minds earthly and devilish; our bones full of the sins of our youth, the heaven revealing our iniquity, earth rising up against us, the roots dried up beneath, and the branches cut off above. Well for us only if, after beholding this our natural face in a glass, we desire not straightway to forget what manner of men we be." But he would have it "seek the outward image of beauty to undo the devil's work, to restore to the spirit the purity, and to the intellect the grasp it had in paradise." Milton truthfully says:

"He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun:
Himself is his own dungeon."

We sometimes had strange and varied experiences when we were taking pictures among the Indians. They are quite averse to having a picture taken. Sometimes we undertook it when we thought they were off guard, but we discovered when we tried to develop it that there were no features, or they were defective. They had thrown their blankets over their heads, or turned their backs. So thousands are refusing to get in the right focus of light, or turning their backs upon God's best opportunities, and they will find—alas! when it is too late—their life picture is blurred and blotted, and without essential features. The time is coming when every man's work will be tried as by fire. The chaff will be burned. The all-searching eye of Omnipotence shall scan the pages of history, and from the blotted and defective records of time he shall gather to himself the gems of beauty, which are to shine in resplendent beauty forever and forever, in the gallery of the skies. No defective portrait will be in that group.

Chapter XVI

FINISHING TOUCHES

"The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man."

"The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of victory."

WE come now to consider the toning-up process, the perfecting of the life-work, "the finishing touches." The workshop of character is every-day life. Action is the law of success. Stagnation means death.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And should'st thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room for discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment;
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find,
That without which all goodness were a task,
So slight, that virtue never could grow strong."

Ambition and aspiration stir the breast, the desire for pre-eminence is innate, it is as natural as the air we breathe. Take it out of life, and you make a man a dolt, a sluggard, a nonentity. The strong lion reposes in his lair if only his hunger is satisfied. The fierce tiger desires nothing more when gorged with the blood of his prey. But human aspiration reaches beyond that. It is the same from the alphabet of the

nursery to the highest position of fame. We are endowed with aspirations sublime, with powers mysterious, with capabilities illimitable. Every structure responds to some chord or note in music, called the dominant. This predominant note must test our character. It puts it under a peculiar process to develop its fiber and show its mettle. It is a ruling, controlling motive, the master principle of action, the magnetic needle of the soul, the pole star of life.

> "One master passion in his breast,
> Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

Happy if this motive be pure and holy. The life will be destroyed if it is depraved and corrupt. An artist said to a friend, "How is it I do not paint as good as I did ten years ago?" "O yes, you do," was the reply; "but your taste is improving." It is the law of putting talent out at usury. The middle ranges of voice are cheap, but the addition of a single note above a certain register means fortune and worldwide fame. But to follow the eagle's flight we must have the eagle's wings. Cultivation of mental powers gives intellectual elevation, and results in a sharpening and quickening of all the faculties.

It gives enlarged and well-stored intellects, a delicate and properly-instructed taste, keen and accurate perception, and great analytical acumen. Culture brings the nascent mind in contact with the source of intellectual power; it teaches it to explore, to grasp, and to fathom. Culture makes mental adepts, intellectual millionaires. It is not only ornamental and esthetic, but it gives power, it gives skill and will. It is the alchemy that changes the possibilities into realities. It energizes intellect, and reveals the superiority of discipline over the crude and unwrought. The uncultured mind is incrusted with prejudice, filled with error, and practically open to the influence of groveling passion. The cultured mind becomes disentangled from these, and rises to a higher conception of life, and steadily and bravely pushes up the stream against the current. The influence of associations has much to do with giving the right touch to life. "Alexander, the son of a king, ought to keep good company." You can not expect to have pure and refined characters by association with the vicious and corrupt. Good companions are the necessary concomitants of success. We

should take as our prototypes and examples those whose lives shine resplendent in the luster of unsullied virtue.

Another law is to know thyself. The best study for man is mankind. We should measure our own strength and test our own motives. An editor sent his own manuscript to himself. When returned it was marked: "Unavailable. Too discursive and trivial in its tone. Should have been elaborated with more care. Many passages not needed in the presentation of the idea. Contains promise, however, and the author is advised to try again." One of Allston's pictures was brought to him after he had long forgotten it, and his opinion was asked as to the wisdom of the young artist persevering in his career. Allston advised his quitting it forthwith as hopeless. On the entrance gates to Cornell University, erected by Andrew D. White, the creative benefactor of the institution, is the following inscription: "So enter that daily thou mayest become more learned and thoughtful. So depart that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country and mankind." Here is the thought of a focusing of energy and time.

The purpose is not sordid nor groveling, gross nor sensual. In the incentive to labor and achievement lies the embodiment of success. Through it is garnered the wealth of wisdom and learning. So it is not mere talent nor genius, however splendid, nor simply brilliant qualities, but high executive ability, which, linked with sincerity, will give the simplicity of character that will shine with undimmed luster through the ages. The only ambition worthy an immortal soul is the ambition to realize the purpose of God. "Be a good man, my dear," said Sir Walter Scott to his son-in-law, as he lay on his deathbed. General Gordon, who gave up his life in his country's cause, added luster to his fame by the virtue of his life. His men were accustomed to seeing a white handkerchief at the door of his tent at certain hours, and knew that it meant he was not to be disturbed, for General Gordon was at prayer. Those silent hours developed the ruggedness of his character, and gave him power with men. A friend of an undergraduate of Oxford, who cared more for a good time than for his studies, presented him with a lovely picture, and requested that he hang it on the wall of his

room. He did so, but it was surrounded by an incongruous medley of low sporting prints, and questionable pictures. For a time he was not conscious of the glaring contrast; but later on it worked a change. The old, low company disappeared, and instead came others in harmony with its beauty and purity. It shamed the others out of sight; it developed a better taste. In Rome may be seen the Apollo Belvidere. Twenty centuries ago it was taken from the Italian quarries. It is beauty incarnate in sculptured stone. It has enkindled the enthusiasm of uncounted millions. But it had to be cut and fashioned. Every stroke of the artist's hammer, every splinter, every rasp of steel, meant effort. On and on, month by month, year by year, the artist chiseled until it was completed and lifted to its pedestal. Thus we labor. This clear knowledge of the necessity of perseverance under difficulties, at the same time not getting discouraged with present failure, but being content to gain ground little by little, the effort itself counting for something, is one of the most helpful thoughts. Just as a little child learning to walk tries and falls, tries and falls again, yet every one

recognizes that each unsuccessful effort is really strengthening him for final mastery; so all true thought and endeavor, whether completed brilliantly or not, is fashioning man's character towards ultimate perfection.

A friend in Michael Angelo's studio remarked of a statue, "You have not changed this since I was here." "O, yes, I have removed a blemish from the limb, given a softer expression, a gentler look to the eye." An old college chum told in after years of his friend who would spend a day looking up phrases for their peculiar shades of meaning. It was partly meant as a jest, but true enough to afford an explanation of the fact that the one to whom he referred was recognized as an unusually correct speaker, and seldom made a slip of the tongue.

In the finishing touches the photographer takes out the freckles, and touches up the features. Life has its easy graces that give elegance and polish. The tones of the voice, the gentleness of manner, the grace of deportment, the delicate amenities of social life,—all are necessary. It is just as easy to cultivate the manners of a gentleman as to be a boor. All these things

act on the feelings and opinions of others. Yet the real life lies deeper than this, and the real purpose is for soundness of moral fiber, depths of conviction, a sound judgment, a conciliatory spirit, a far-seeing eye, a combination of qualities that manifest themselves in a life of noble, Christly deeds. There must be no insincerity, no equivocation, no evasion, no pretense, no falseness at the core of being. Surface beliefs accomplish nothing. They must take hold of the life, be all absorbing; not a mere garnishing or touching up, but a conviction that touches the depths, a sturdy defense of the right, a willingness to die for its defense if need be, courage with conviction. Spurgeon says, "A fly never lights on a red-hot stove." To put a fire on the top of an extinct volcano does not produce an eruption. There must be fire within. Conviction plows deep. It stirs the soul, it sets the heart on fire. Sincerity is one of the chief elements. It lies at the basis of all.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrines and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves."

Deeper than all lies moral depravity. It must be taken out. A scientific journal gives a description of a process by which tattoo marks may be removed. Many a man or boy has thoughtlessly had his arms or hands tattooed, only in after years to realize that it could not be taken out. Thus lives are marked and stained by evil habits.

A nun in an Italian convent once dreamed that an angel opened her spiritual eyes to see all men as they were. She looked upon so much uncleanness that she shrank back in horror. But just then Christ appeared among them with bleeding wounds, and the nun saw that whosoever pressed forward and touched the blood of Jesus at once became as white as snow. It is so in every-day life. It was Jesus who cleansed that reformed drunkard from the plague of drink. A few months ago he was poor and an outcast; to-day he is respectable and respected. The grace of God cleanses the character by changing the conduct.

"If Christ were here to-night, I 'd touch the hem
Of his fair, seamless robe, and stand complete
In wholeness and in whiteness; I, who stem
Such waves of pain, to kneel at his dear feet."

We echo also the words of another:

"I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share."

He not only cleanses, but touches into a spiritual beauty. Here is a piece of canvas of trifling value. An artist takes it, and draws a few lines and figures. Then, with his brush, he touches in certain colors, and it is worth thousands of dollars, and of matchless beauty. So God takes our worthless, ruined lives that have been repulsive, because blackened, blurred, and stained by sin, and with the finger of love touches them into beauty, painting the Divine image upon

them. Beauty is an excellent gift of God. The highest and best development of beauty is along the lines of righteousness, the beautiful, and pure. Vice and sin are ugly and unlovely. They distort the forms of beauty. The passion for true beauty can only be satisfied by religion. It gives the artist soul; it lifts above the crude and incomplete; it develops and enlarges those attributes of the soul that are essentially artistic. The coarse and crude have no part in it. It works in the face the refinement of beauty, an inward, abiding beauty. This is wrought out by the Spirit of God. As a sculptor chisels an angel out of the block of marble, as an artist touches the picture into perfection, so the Spirit works out the ideal that is pure, lovely, and spiritual. As the deformities and infirmities are overcome, we become more spiritually esthetic, and the sublimity of moral beauty waxes brighter and brighter, and becomes more intensely glowing, so we are changed from glory to glory, until we stand before him, a perfectly beautified soul. Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, sought long and earnestly for the mythological fountain of youth, but all in vain.

Its source is not in the things of time. We mistake if we so judge. Man's ultimate happiness and perfection do not depend upon some elixir that will keep him young. The essence of living lies deeper than that. This life is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death. And the soul that fully realizes this, fixes its eye on higher attainments and the realities of another world. Like the carrier-pigeon on the homeward journey, nothing will swerve it aside.

"Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on."

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

In heaven we shall receive the finishing touches.

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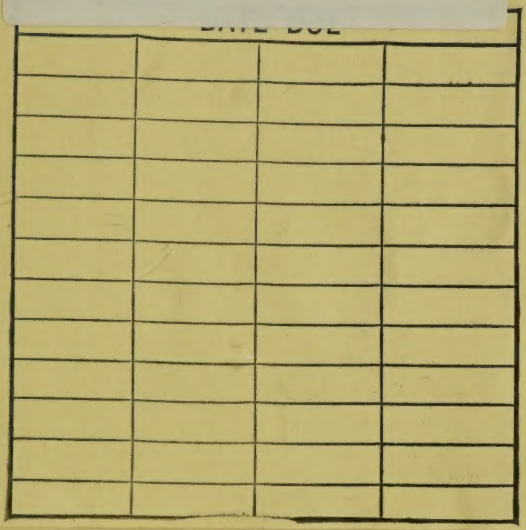

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